MUSCLE UP

VOLUME ONE NUMBER ONE

$6.00

EDITORIAL BY JONATHAN CROOKS, M.D.

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MUSCLE UP

EDITORIAL

Perhaps the loneliest of our nation's youth is the young homosexual; the boy who is in his teens, realizes that he's different and has to secretly prowl to attain his sexual desires • Most lads in this classification come from middle class families; money is easy and social contacts are pleasant and general • The boy is usually attending a nice school and has an abundance of friends, many of whom he has undoubtedly found desirable, what with seeing them nude in the gym, shower or locker room •

Regardless of his initiation circumstances to the world of homosexuality, once he has been indoctrinated to the secret, forbidden thrills, every male he comes into contact with is fair game and if the boy happens to be handsome and/or generously endowed, there are always a host of eager, hungry inverted males ready •

He always has to be conscious of the fact that he prefers males and can't let his buddies know, even if they are enjoying his favors at the time • He must pretend to be naive and "first time" if he expects to fellate them • If he has been initiated to anal sex and prefers it, he has even more of a role to play to keep his cover • Every boy instinctively knows whether someone is a first timer or not and boys this age are usually not devious enough to keep their preference hidden •

The areas to express his sexual preference are also limited • Being underage, he has to be careful of curfew, hitchhiking, and naturally can't habituate the most common cruising spots, the bars • His most fertile ground is the toilets; park, beach, movie or restaurant • Usually inventive, our youthful cocksucker will instinctively know what to do in a sexual situation • Aside from the toilets, dark movie sections beckon him with awaiting liaisons to be conducted under the cover of well placed jackets, newspapers or brazenly, just the dimness of the room to disguise a frantic blow job • The upper balconies afford more privacy and a cruising homosexual will invariably head for the balcony section while in pursuit • Some movie balconies in New York's Greenwich Village, Mexico City's Del Prado area and Los Angeles' downtown district are infamous for having complete affairs

conducted, even to the point of stripping nude and being witnessed by a gallery of onlookers • Your author was treated to a similar display in Mexico City, the wild sexual bout flagrantly exposed to whomever wished to observe • It was between a young, blond North American and a fantastically endowed Mexican youth • They performed mutual fellatio on the balcony seats, then the Mexican lad fucked the American boy, replete with screams, moans and unabashed groping and masturbating by the attending audience • The scene was so inciting, the whole balcony turned into a Dante's Infernoesque montage, everyone so sexually excited, anything and everything went •

If the youngster turns to hustling, which happens so often in large cities and the lad is good looking and well hung, he stands to make heavy fees from toilet cruising or street hustling • Every large city has a Hollywood type Selma Street, the street of the hustlers • In New York's Village, it's called the Meat Rack — every city has a different name for it — but it's all the same — a piece of meat up for sale — and naturally, youth having a premium price, the younger, the better •

These teen-age prostitutes grow up very fast, calculating the amount of times they can come against how much they're paid for each performance • Some of these remarkable youngsters can ejaculate a fantastic load five and six times a day! • Their seminal reservoirs seem unable to be depleted and their libidos insatiable • When you consider ten or twenty dollars for each production, these young satyrs stand to make between fifty to one hundred dollars a day! •

Some collect a permanent clientele or sell their services to physique photographers, making from fifteen to fifty dollars a photographic session • They usually couldn't care less if they are expected to perform sexual acts with another or masturbatory poses for their fee • They're young and hot and just the rustle of bills is enough to give some or most of them a hard-on that requires hours to tame •

The problem, if it is a problem, is that for every juvenile, awakening homosexual, there are two waiting to resolve his sexual tensions •

The bus station was practically deserted and Donny Hansen, an extremely youthful, blond hustler, decided to try the head once more. He had been hanging around the pinball machines, a known location for making pick-ups, and the late hour must have been keeping all the scores away because he hadn't made a mark since five o'clock that afternoon. Fuck! Why did he have to be so damned choosy! The afternoon and early evening had really been jumping but at that time, every John looked like a creep.

Donny had only been hustling for three months and he still couldn't take on a customer if they weren't at least young and good looking. Donny, himself, was a beautiful boy; long, medium sun-streaked blond hair, tall and slender, a sleek, hairless body, but most of all—a great big, fat, uncircumsized prick that jumped into steely hardness the moment sex was mentioned.

He had turned to hustling when his father disappeared and left him and his mother destitute. His

mother had been forced to go to work and her hours were abominable—three in the afternoon until eleven or twelve at night. Her earnings as a waitress barely paid for the rent and bought groceries. One of Donny's acquaintances, an older boy who was wonderfully attractive, and who also had a whopper of a cock, (this Donny discovered at a circle jerk) felt him out one evening about hustling.

Lying back on the old mattress in the clubhouse, their Levis down around their ankles and their shirts pulled up to their nipples, dreamily jacking away at the two beautiful poles jutting straight up from their flat, muscular, youthful loins, Donny looked over and said, "Chet, that thing is *really* big—how big is it?"

Proudly, Chet replied, "Ten inches, man—and I wouldn't trade it for a million dollars! As a matter of fact, I expect to make a million off of it!"

Impressed but dubious, Donny asked, "How is your dong gonna make you a million bucks?"

"By selling it, baby—that's how! At two bucks an inch for one load!"

"Who would pay for that?"

Scornfully, Chet answered, "You really are cherry, aren't you, man? To the queers, of course!"

"You mean that they pay *you* to suck you off?"

"Shit, yes, man—when they get a load of *this* skin flute, they want to blow and blow!"

"No kidding," Donny replied, fascinated.

"Now take you—how much peter is that—nine?"

"Yep—right on the nose. I measured it this morning before I jacked off."

"Nine from the balls or the belly?"

"From the belly! A guy shouldn't cheat on something like that. Let's see—if you get twenty, I could get eighteen—right?"

"Wrong! That's a twenty dollar cock if I've ever seen one!"

"You really think so?" Donny returned, highly flattered.

Chet reached over and palmed Donny's rock hard shaft, slowly jacked it up and down, skinning the generous, snug foreskin back and forth over the huge, rosy, perfectly formed helmet with a prominent flange.

"Jeez, that feels good when you do it, Chet!"

"Well, do it to me, you freak! I like it, too!"

Donny hastily grasped Chet's giant and they pumped on each other for several silent minutes, slowly so they could last as long as possible.

"Look," Chet said, "did anyone ever blow you?"

DONNY & CHET

"No," Donny answered, wishing at that time he could say yes.

"Then you've never blown anyone else, either?"

"No!" Donny answered, wrinkling his nose in pretended disgust.

"You're gonna have to learn if you're gonna be a hustler!"

"Who said anything about my being a hustler?"

"You want to make some bread, don't you?"

"Sure—but . . ."

"You can make twenty-five, thirty if you blow 'em back."

"But if you blow 'em back, then that makes you queer, too, doesn't it?"

"I didn't say that you had to *like* it—*they* do!"

"Oh—I see—do *you* like it?"

"I *do* it—if it pays well enough."

"How does it taste?" Donny asked curiously, Chet's jacking hand turning him on so that any kind of sex sounded wonderful.

"Try it and see," Chet said, grinning.

"Oh, no," Donny hedged, "I've heard of *that* old trick!"

"Fuck!" Chet exclaimed exasperated, "like *this!*"

He bent down to Donny's throbbing crown and sucked it in. Donny uttered a surprised moan and stiffened as the alien, fantastic feeling of Chet's lips and tongue did exquisite things to the satiny-surfaced, overly sensitive, hysterically nerved crest and corona.

Chet pulled away and said, "There—it's easy—now *you* do it!"

"Christ!" Donny gasped, "so *that's* what it feels like! It feels better than *anything!*"

Chet grinned again and waggled his stiff poker. "C'mon, baby—take a taste."

Donny leaned over and gingerly touched his tongue to the soaring apex atop the creamy tower, then slowly took the entire, huge head in his mouth.

"Now—use your tongue like I did—run it all around."

Finding that the taste wasn't bad at all, Donny followed Chet's instructions and was soon sucking like a pro.

Suddenly, Chet pulled away from him and said with a shudder, "You'd better stop, Donny—I'm ready to pop my nuts and I don't think you're quite ready for that—but I'll do it to you—all the way—if *you* promise to do it to *me*."

It was worth anything to Donny to feel that fabulous mouth back on his peter.

"Okay," he whispered huskily.

"I've got a better idea—turn around and we can both suck each other at the same time."

Bewildered, Donny obeyed and immediately saw the efficacy of the position. As Chet's mouth slid over his anxious shaft, he greedily followed suit. This was where it was at! Christ! What a feeling!

And that's how Donny entered the shadowy half world of peddling his cock. Chet showed him the ropes the following day and sold both of them to an attractive, younger man. With Chet there, Donny experienced his first client and although he wished it was just with Chet alone, like the day before, the man had a nice body and a beautiful cock.

When they got to the hotel room, the man said, "Okay, guys—strip—let's see what I'm buyin'!"

Donny looked at Chet who nodded and Donny shucked off his clothes a little embarrassed. Chet was already hard by the time he slipped off his Levis and the sight gave Donny an immediate erection.

The man gave a low whistle and said excitedly, "Man! Did I ever pick up a pair of studs this time!"

"What do you want us to do?" Chet asked in no haste because they had been paid fifty dollars for the two of them.

"You—the blond—what's you name?"

Chet answered and said, "He's Donny and I'm Chet."

"Alright, Donny and Chet, how about doin' a little sixty nine for me? That'll get me nice and riled up!"

"Gladly," Donny thought, "if hustlin' is *all* this great, I'm gonna *love* it!"

Donny and Chet got on the bed and assumed their position, each eagerly engulfing the other's flaming dick. The man pulled a chair up close and arranged Chet over Donny so he could see the whole thing as Chet fucked down into Donny's mouth. Donny clasped Chet's beautifully formed, small, firm asss cheeks and humped up to meet Chet's demanding mouth.

Curious as to what the man was doing, Donny looked out of the corner of his eye to see the man sprawled in the chair, his fly open, his nuts hanging out and dreamily jacking the biggest prick he'd ever seen! The guy's mouth was open, his tongue caressing his lips and his eyes glazing as he watched the two beautiful lads obviously delighting each other.

The man suddenly stood up and pulled his clothes off. "Don't you dare come!" he exclaimed.

The boys stopped and looked at him querulously.

"You—Donny—I'm gonna fuck you while I suck Chet off!"

Donny looked at Chet horrified and Chet said, "Look—this is Donny's first hustle—and besides, I'm a good fuck. Fuck me and suck Donny—then you can suck me if you want to."

"Who in the fuck is payin' for this?" the man roared, grabbing Donny, spinning him around and bending him over, one arm around his waist and forcing his head down with the other hand.

Chet, not running true to the hustler's creed, saw red as his adorable Donny cried out and smashed the man in the jaw. He toppled backward and hit his head on the edge of a table.

"Get your clothes on and split fast, Donny," Chet hissed, "I'll take care of this guy and meet you at the bus station. Try to turn a trick in the Men's room while you're waiting."

Donny dressed hastily and left. Chet smiled to himself and dressed, then went through the guy's clothes and belongings. The wallet yielded two hundred dollars and not finding anything else, he removed the unconscious man's expensive watch and a diamond ring. As he walked blithely across the hotel lobby, two men grabbed his arms and hastened him to the office. The man had recovered in time to phone the desk.

Donny waited and waited, then decided to try the Men's room. Chet had thoroughly indoctrinated him on how to operate in a head so he entered the long room and went to the urinal. Two men were already standing there, their long, thick hoses hanging out of their flies. Donny was surprised that he could get such a charge out of seeing two limp dicks. As he hauled his out, he could feel it involuntarily begin to stiffen and he tried to hide it, but three quarters of a foot of dong is a little impossible to disguise, jutting up at a forty five degree angle. He thought, "Fuck it—they're not pissing so they must be here for what I've got to sell."

He brazenly thrust his hips forward, then reached in his fly and popped his huge nuts out so that they hung down deliciously below the towering, creamy, nine inch cannon. Both men's eyes popped at seeing this young, beautiful blond, blessed with such a horse-cock—and standing up on end! Their mouths watered at the heavy, foreskin collared behind the flaring corona of the huge, pink helmet, strings of pearly pre-seminal fluid dripping from the deep slit on the apex.

The man closest to him moved over and whispered huskily, "Can I suck it, kid?" reaching with trembling hands for his beautiful, straining, throbbing giant.

Donny noted with satisfaction that both men had immediate, stony erections, huge in size and quite suckable. However, remembering Chet's warning about giving it away, he moved back and said, "For twenty bucks, fella, it's all yours!"

The man started to refuse, then the sight overcame him and he peeled a twenty out of his wallet, his big prick bobbing and jerking all the while.

Donny took the money and the man said, "Let's go in the last booth so we won't be disturbed. I mean to get my money's worth out of that pretty thing!"

The other man, who had been jacking off all this time, watching with lustful eyes, softly asked, "Can I suck you off while you do the kid?"

"Sure—if you can arrange a position!"

They went to the back cubicle and the second man had the first sprawl on the stool so that he was practically lying down; then he had Donny straddle the guy so he could put his dick in his mouth; then he knelt and sucked the prick standing up from the man's almost prone body. Donny felt hot hands on him everywhere; down his one bare leg where he had stepped out of one pant leg

in order to straddle the fellow, over his chest to roll and pinch his nipples, gently squeezing and kneading his big, hairless nuts and finally, to his intense pleasure, his ass-hole. He almost fainted at the first contact on the virginal, rosy hole, but it instantly gave way to wave after wave of intense delight.

Upon getting his rocks, Donny hastily bowed out and left the two men to suck on each other, Donny having made them so hot, they would have sucked anyone.

He went to the lunch counter and dawdled over a coke until he saw the men leave. Where was Chet? And shit, he'd only come once today—he was good for at least four more! And twenty bucks made a lot of sense!

Slowly sauntering back into the head, he decided to investigate the booths. There were four of them and having noticed a glory hole in the last booth as the two men had been working him over, he guessed that there must be others. He chose the one next to the last and put in his dime.

The lock clicked as he closed the door and made him feel safe and secure. Reading the graffitti on the wall and looking at the wild, obscene drawings gave him another boner so he pushed his Levis down around his ankles and stroked his steely hard-on. He played with his nuts and tweaked his nipples as the other men had done. What a turn on! He heard the door to the next center booth open and watched through the glory hole (he had discovered that each booth had one because he could look straight through to the first booth) as a guy slowly pulled his pants down to his thighs and sat down.

Frustrated because he couldn't see the man's crotch or dick in his sitting position, Donny impatiently waited for the guy to reveal himself. He heard no excretory sounds so he figured that the man was there for the same thing he was. Deciding to take the bull by the horns, he released his aching rod from where he had been hiding it between his naked thighs and it sprang up to his belly from his sharply delineated, blond triangle of pubic curls and began to massage its full length enticingly. Holy Mother! This was exciting! He kept peering through the hole and was soon rewarded by the sight of trousers being pushed down to the floor, the slim, muscular thighs spreading and a huge, beautiful shaft being slowly brought into view.

By this time, Donny was so hot, he was completely carried away. He couldn't have cared less about the twenty. He wanted to suck this gorgeous prick and the way the stud was moving his foreskin so slowly, capping and uncapping the huge, moist, delectable crown made Donny's lips itch with desire. Not being able to refrain any longer, he bent to the hole and whispered, "Can I suck it, Mister?"

With that, the man pulled up his pants, rapped on Donny's door which he hurriedly opened. Instead of the fantastic pecker which he had expected, the man was holding a badge in his hand.

"Alright, son, let's go," he said ominously.

"Wh—wh—what do you mean?" Donny gasped and his hard-on sank to immediate flaccidity.

"Vice Squad, boy."

"But I didn't do anything," Donny whimpered, breaking into tears.

The plainclothes officer looked at him with compassion and asked, "How long have you been doing this, son?"

"Never before, sir," Donny rushed to answer with another flood of tears.

"Sure about that?"

"The first time! I swear it!" Donny replied fervently.

"Ever have that big thing sucked before?"

"Yessir," Donny answered meekly.

"Ever suck anybody before?"

"Yessir," came the weak reply.

"Do you do a good job?"

"I don't know, sir—but he seemed to enjoy it."

"He? You mean you've only sucked one guy off?"

"Yessir."

The officer paused, then asked, "Why did you want to suck me off?"

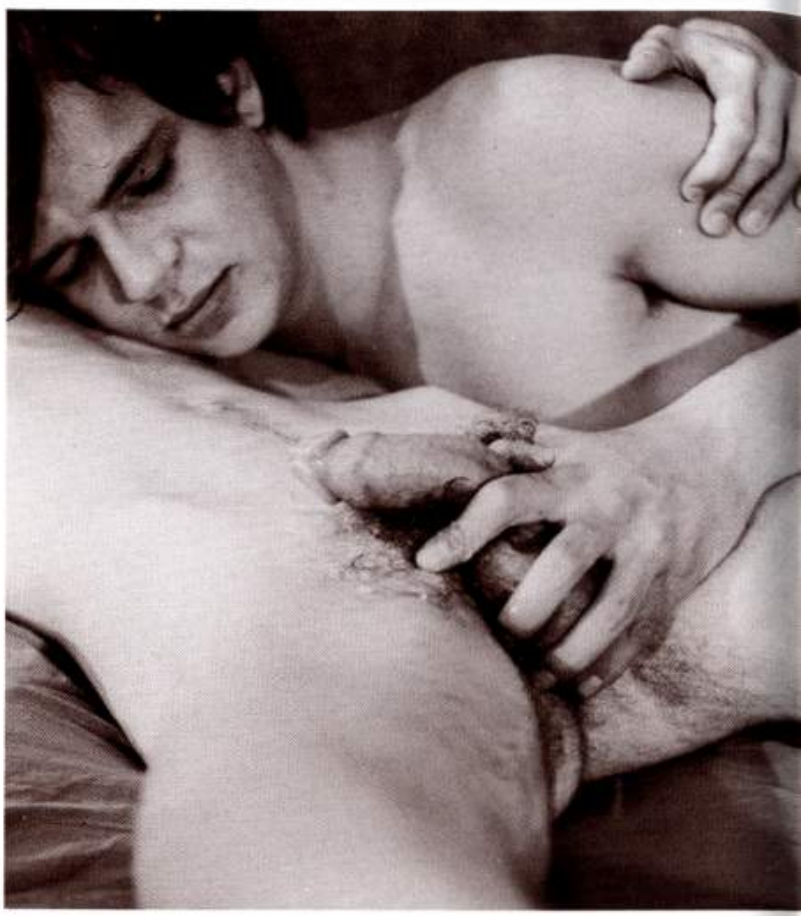
"Because it's a beauty!" Donny blurted.

Amused, the cop asked, "Do you still want to suck it?"

"Yes," Donny answered timidly but frankly.

"I'll be go to hell!" the officer sputtered, "you kids! We just picked up one hustler who popped a mark in a hotel and tried to get away with his dough and jewelry—and now here I'm picking you up and you still want to suck me off after me busting you!"

Another pregnant pause, then the handsome cop said, looking at Donny's beautiful, tear stained face, "At least you didn't try to charge—and putting you in jail isn't going to help you—they'd eat you up there—okay, kid, I like your looks. I'll go back into the next booth and you can have



me—but don't let me catch you in here again."

He winked and went back into his booth, dropped his pants and stuck his flaccid monster through the hole. "You work it up, baby—it feels better that way!"

Donny gratefully and excitedly engulfed the soft, rubbery crest in his mouth and eagerly applied all of his newly found skills by licking, nibbling and kissing the now lifting, engorging beauty. He deliriously suctioned the gorgeous brute, rearing its head at least ten inches and was rewarded by gasps and moans, then a violent smashing against his tonsils of what seemed like a gallon of sweet, hot, sticky sperm-starch. When the gushing dwindled down, the overpowering tube softened and the cop pulled away from Donny's reluctant mouth with a soft "pop".

"Thanks, kid," the satisfied officer said, "I'll see you here tomorrow."

"Can I ask you a question?"

"Sure—go ahead."

"What was the guy like that you arrested at the hotel?"

"Oh—he was dark haired—nice looking—young—and I think his name was Chet something or other."

Donny's heart sank but he asked, "What will

they do with him?"

"He'll have to do some time—I guess the guy isn't going to prosecute, so all we've got him on is prostitution."

"Thanks—what time tomorrow?"

"Oh—about this time. I'll whistle when I come in and you stick your foot out under your door so I'll know what booth you're in. My name's Ben."

"Mine's Donny—and thanks—for everything!"

Ben chuckled and left.

So this evening found Donny lonely, missing Chet and hot as a firecracker. He entered the head, went to the urinal and hauled out his long, fat, soft cock. Idly playing with it, he suddenly heard the door open and he looked over his shoulder. There stood Chet, handsome as ever, grinning, and he walked over beside Donny. Reaching out for Donny's lovely, ivory column, he massaged and milked it for a few moments as he released his own lengthening tool from its confinement and Donny grasped it with adoration in his eyes.

In seconds, they were bony hard and Donny began to pant. Chet looked at him lovingly, then asked, "How have you been makin' out without me, sweet stud?"

Donny's heart pounded at the obvious love being lavished on him and he proudly answered, "In the three months you've been gone, I've saved up two thousand dollars—just waiting for you to get out—and I want to split it with you!"

Chet looked at him with surprise, then softly said, "So you're in love with me, huh?"

"I sure am, Chet," Donny replied anxiously.

"Well, then—I'll tell you what we're gonna do—we're gonna get married and live together—I love you, too!"

Donny's eyes glistened with happy tears, then Chet continued, "I discovered that I loved you soon enough in the tank."

"Can we love each other and still hustle?"

"Until something better comes along. C'mon, put that pretty dick away until we get home and do it right!"

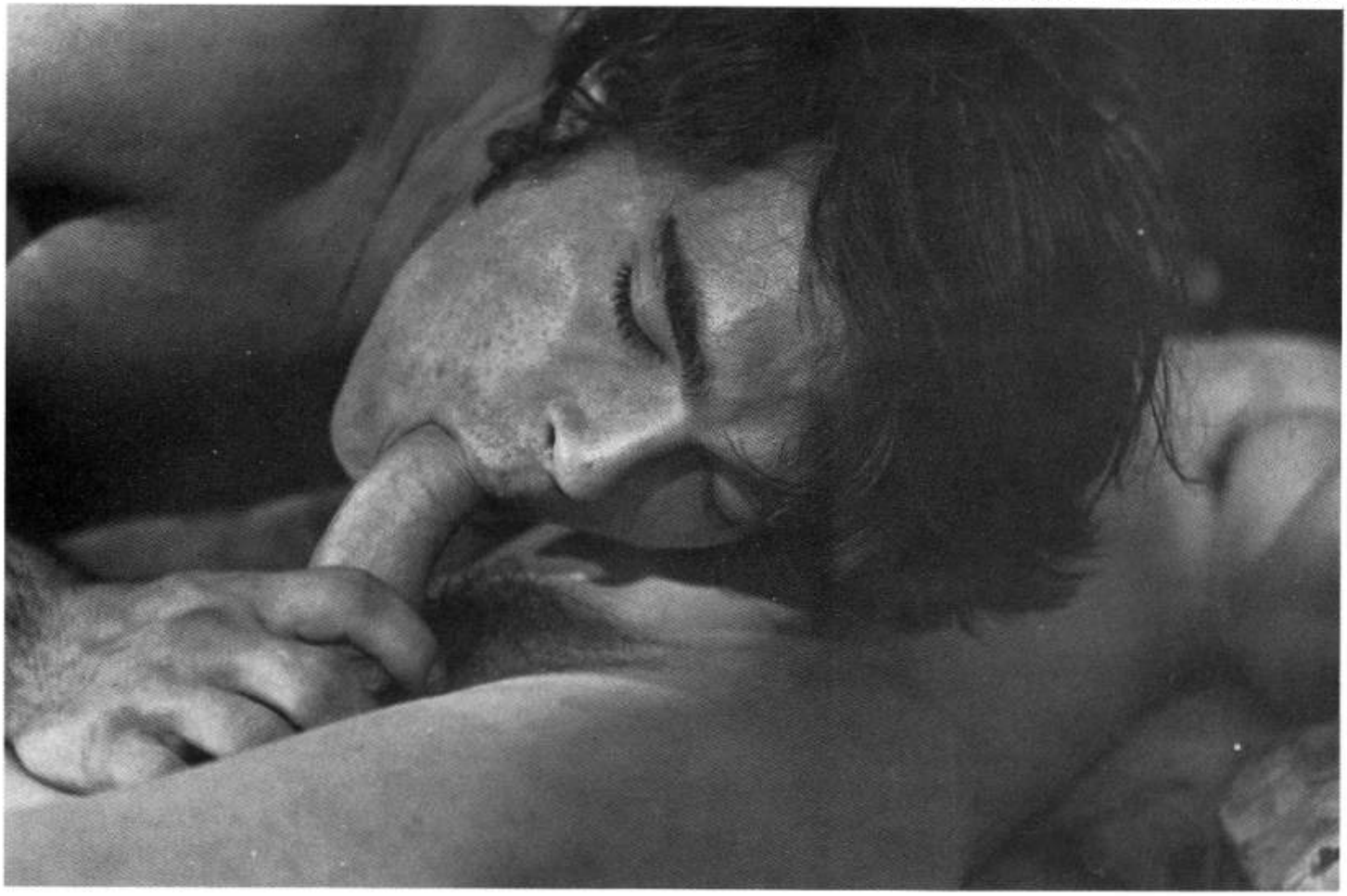
"Chet," Donny said timidly, "will you fuck me when we get there?"

"Sure," Chet said, smiling broadly, "has someone already broken you in?"

"No!" Donny retorted hotly, "I've been saving it for you!" Needless to say, the two boys went to Chet's pad, (on which Donny had been paying the rent) and I suppose they lived happily ever after—the pictures which you've been looking at should explain what happened on their first night home.

Sixty-nine position affords a close view of your lover's genital area; conducive to satisfying sex.

Fellation can be the finest form of love expression between two males.



Strangely enough, this position facilitates deeper penetration, plus putting you in the sixty-nine position.

Male nipples are as susceptible to arousement as a female's.

Oral manipulation of the partner's erection with the lips is highly sexual.

A beautiful ass holds many delights to the beholder.

Double analingus affords extraneous thrills; diversion being necessary to a complete affair.

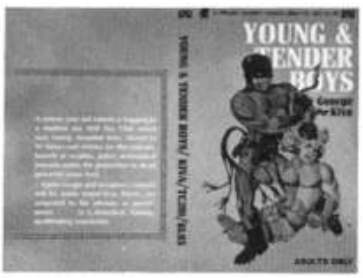
Applying lubricant can be as thrilling as actual penetration.

A superior position by the so called passive partner may turn him into the aggressor.

BOOK REVIEWS

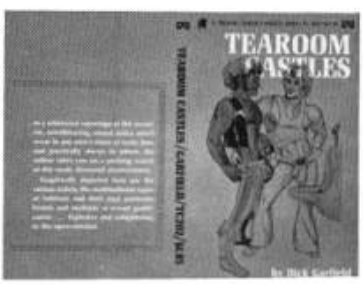
YOUNG & TENDER BOYS by George Kiva (TC 201)

In this unusual introduction to what promises to be an unusual line of Gay books, George Kiva takes us to a modern day Hell Fire Club where a sixteen year old Adonis is trapped. Beautiful boys are forced to be slaves and victims for the orgiastic benefit of wealthy, jaded, demonical perverts under the protection of an evil crime lord. Vincent must escape and must save his new found love, Davey. The spellbinding conclusion is just the beginning for this new publishing outfit. Worth buying for the cover art alone.



TEAROOM CASTLES by Dick Garfield (TC 202)

In the second of what promises to be the finest line of gay literature yet brought out, the author takes the reader on a mindblowing trip through a series of sexual antics in men's rooms. Graphically depicted are the various toilets, the multitudinous types of habitues and their own particular brands and methods of sexual gratification . . . explosive and enlightening to the open minded.



SNEAK PREVIEW

SEARCHLIGHT INSIGHT by Lance Rogers *(TC 203)*

We are happy that Mr. Rogers, a distinguished writer in the Gay literary field, was given an assignment by the Trojan people. Obviously, he is familiar with the lives of the gay hustler, both from the point of view not only of the seller but also the buyer. It offers clear and intelligent insight into their lives. An action packed conclusion might leave you breathless. Faces of the figures on the cover unparalleled.

LIGHTHOUSE IS FOR LOVING by Lloyd Campbell

A love story set in an unusual setting—an old lighthouse. Two beautiful physical specimens meet, and the attraction is immediate and magnetic. Just as suddenly it ends. Through devious, tortuous wanderings, they ultimately make their separate ways back to the lighthouse—and each other . . . Finest cover art we have ever seen.

Note: Soon to be on sale in your local "Adult" bookstore. *(TC 204)*

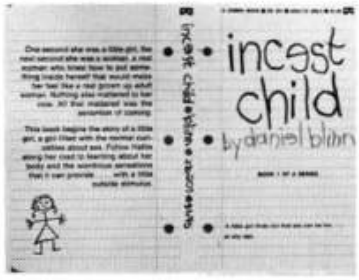
BOOK REVIEWS

LITTLE GIRL BIG MAN by Grover White (RL 301)

The title of this new line of books is catchy and still timely enough to capitalize on Dustin Hoffman's great flick, about how the Indians "lost" their lands. In this case the only thing lost is the innocence of a series of little teeny-boppers. Certainly the reader will not lose by getting this R-rated book about a man who produces G-rated movies starring little girls in big roles. Their biggest roles are making him happy.

BONDAGE INCEST by Thomas Vance (RL 302)

Second in the new series of Redlight books combines two favorite subjects of readers throughout the years. When a family is shipwrecked, they find themselves on one of those mythical islands that keep cropping up in fiction. It is complete with the mad doctor and his equally insane assistant whose only reason for living is to have sex with anyone or anything. Each family member is forced by means of a hallucinogenic drug to engage in wild sex with the other—brother and sister, son and mother, daughter and father; not to mention the mad assistant. Actually holds you in suspense waiting for the other climax—that of the book.



INCEST CHILD by Daniel Blinn (ZB 201)

In an unusual departure on many fronts, Incest Child is just what the title indicates. It is the story of a young girl who through the tragic death of her parents comes to live with her aunt and uncle. This wierd, perverted couple delight in teaching "Hattie" about sex—all its wondrous, magical secrets. The cover is unusual for a book in the "Adult" book field. Unusual in the sense that it is almost too classy. But it matches the writing. We can't wait for the second book in the series.

ONE MAN'S FAMILY by Michael Hahn (ZB 202)

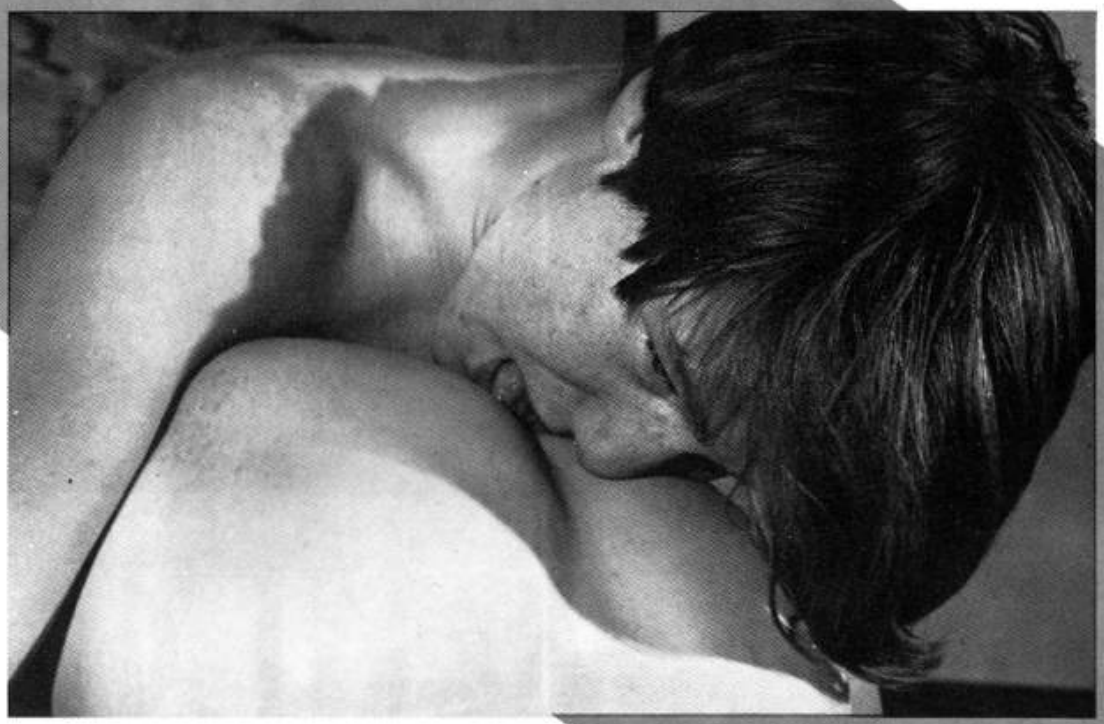
This aptly named book is a tongue in cheek, but deftly executed story about a sexy Peyton Place. Everyone secretly sleeps with everyone else. The machinations of a small town suburbia bedroom community proves to be a most delightful bit of fiction. But it could be true. It could be happening in your town. Expertly related, the characters intertwine continuously as the tale weaves its way to a merry ending.

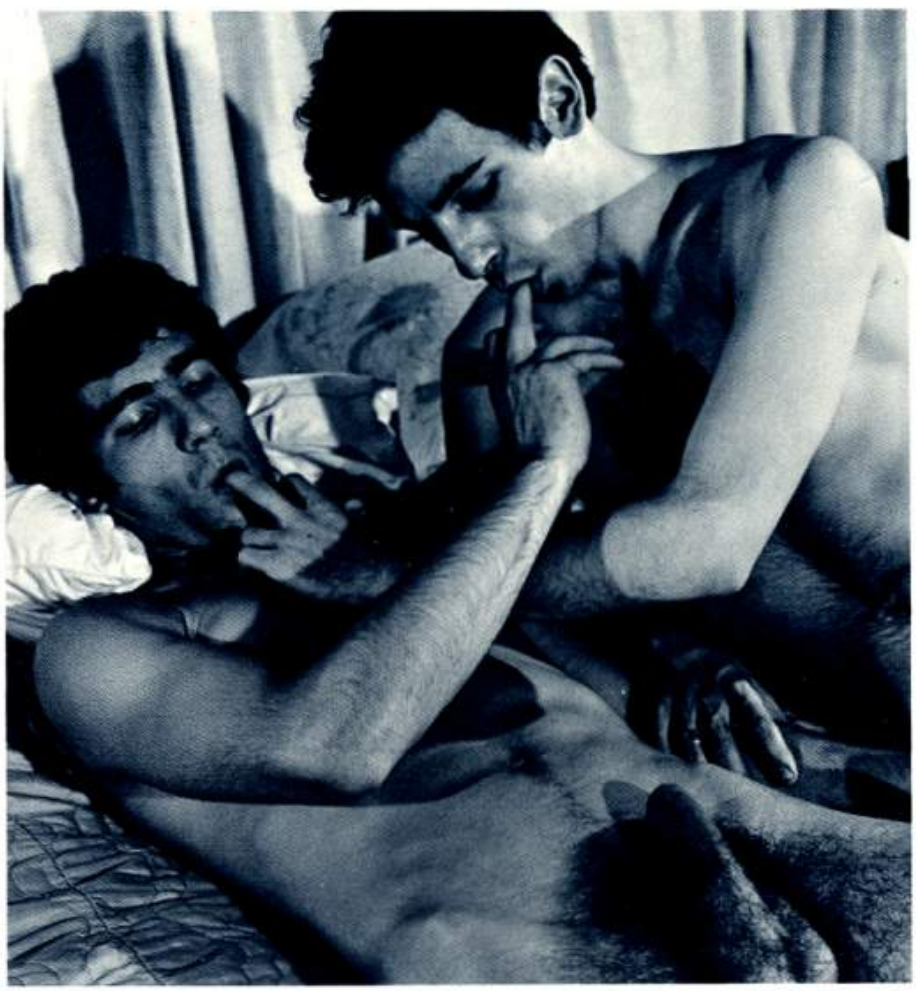
Note: These books are available in your local "Adult" bookstore.

REVIEW-

This month we are reviewing a new magazine, MANLY DEVOTION. The pictures seen here represent the type and quality of the models that are graphically shown. There is an interesting editorial by Robert Skully, M.D., ~~which every enlightened homosexual should~~ read. All in all, it is done with fine taste and in our opinion is one of the finest magazines we've seen.

MAGAZINES





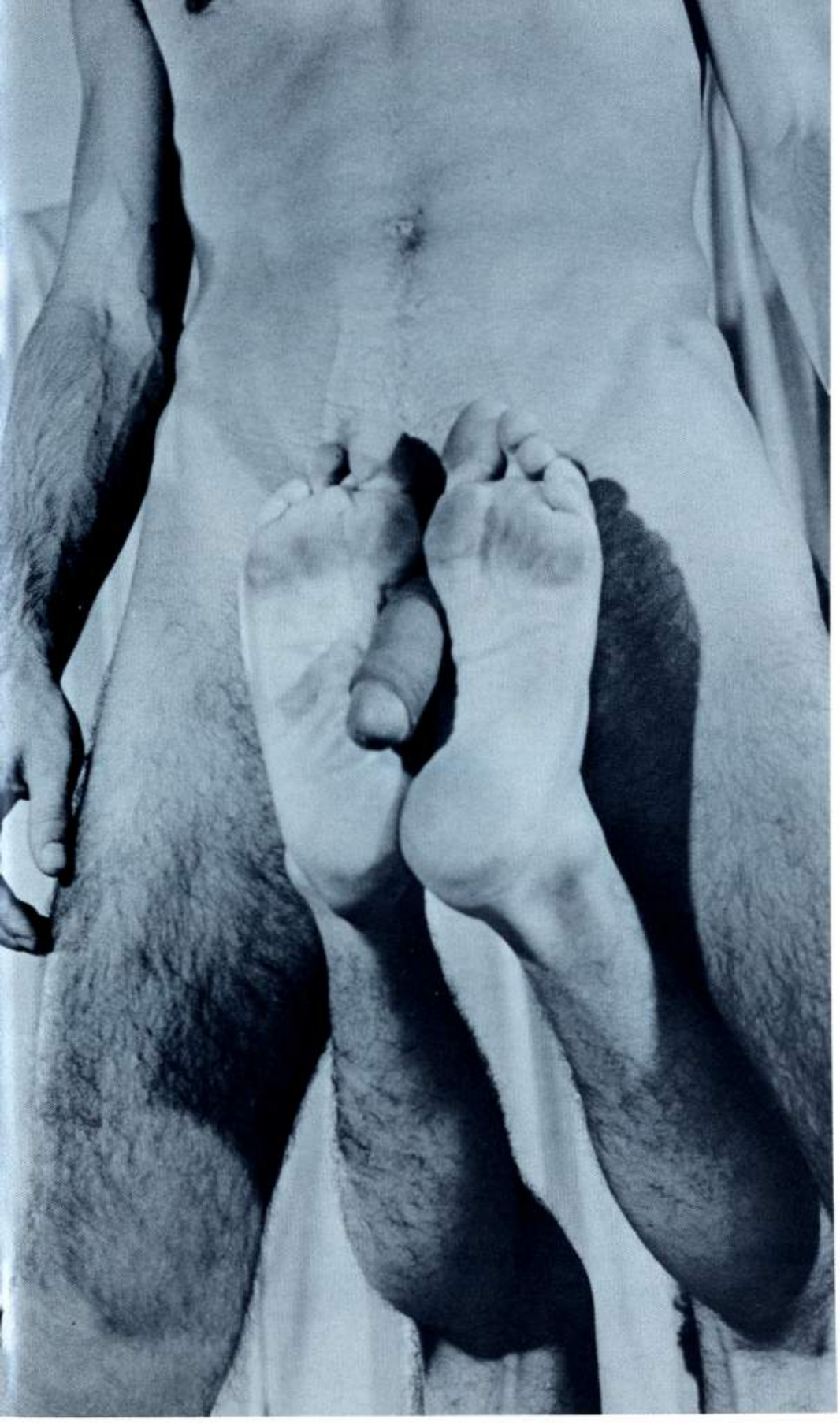
"Hi, Carlos—is your sis home? My name is Vito."

"No, she isn't here now but you can wait."

Carlos looked at the superbly built, handsome youth and something grabbed him in the balls. This had been happening a lot lately—just seeing a good looking guy, especially if he had a big bulge at his crotch and Carlos got a sinking sensation—plus a hard-on!

He had heard all about queers—how they tried to be women and limp wristed and all that—but he didn't want to be a girl—he would just like to

VITO



jack-off with another guy—a guy with a big prick—maybe about eight or nine inches long and with a nice foreskin to play with, to push and pull back and forth—and maybe have a crystal drop or two sitting on top of the deep, pink slit—oh, shit! He was *thinking queer! But what the fuck! He* really *wanted to do it! And now, looking at Vito, he* knew *he'd have to try something!*

"How long will she be gone?" Vito inquired, looking Carlos over minutely. Christ! He was better looking than his sister! And had a nice *body—wonder how he's hung . . .*

Carlos said, "Come on in, Vito—she should be back at any time." He knew full well that his sister, Maria, had gone shopping and probably wouldn't get home until dinner time.

Carlos' heart beat wildly when Vito squeezed his bicep as he entered the door. "How about a beer?" he asked.

"Sure—never could turn down a drink—or a piece of ass!"

Carlos' breath quickened at that and his eyes dropped to Vito's crotch. His heart really started hammering as he looked at the huge tube running down Vito's left leg. Obviously, he wasn't wearing shorts—unless they were boxers—because jockeys would confine him and make just a lump. But there it was—a gigantic prick, judging from the outline.

& CARLOS

He went to the kitchen and got two beers and returned to Vito who was sprawled out, thighs open, on the couch. On an impulse, Vito rubbed his long hose through his Levis and looked at Carlos invitingly. Such an overt move shocked Carlos but it also made him so hot, his dick immediately started to lengthen and he said, "Pardon me, Vito, but I have to take a piss."

He stood over the stool and released his aching hard-on. The fact that Vito was sitting in the next room faded from his thoughts as he looked down at his beautiful, steely-hard dick and he dreamily capped and uncapped the splendid crown with his generous, snug foreskin. Almost delirious with the fantastic sensations wracking his body, he wasn't aware that Vito had opened the door and was standing there watching him with a rapt expression—pleasantly shocked at first, then a tremendous, sensual surge gripped him as he watched Carlos milking his cock with actions which he was dying to perform.

Deciding to play it cool, he slipped in quietly and encircled Carlos' waist from behind and took the throbbing rod away from him, continuing the jacking motion. As he did this, he pressed his own now erect prick against the crease in Carlos' butt. Carlos moaned with the brand new sensation, the marble-hard cock pressed against his rear, evoking never before thought emotions.

Not daring to speak, he unbuttoned the top button of his Levis and slid them down his thighs, Vito trembling when his

prick touched the satiny, inner surfaces of the vee between Carlos' thighs.

"Oh, Christ!" Carlos moaned, "let me get these fuckin' jeans off!"

He slid them off as Vito stood watching, manipulating his anticipating cock slowly but firmly, his eyes glittering as they feasted themselves on Carlos' beautiful, alabaster butt, smooth and hairless and sexy looking enough to give the Pope's nuts a rumble.

"Carlos," he said somberly, "I'm gonna have to fuck you!"

Carlos turned around and got his first look at Vito's unbelievable joint. Monstrous and swollen, it was still a gorgeous hunk of muscle; probably ten inches long and eight inches in girth, the foreskin collared behind the huge glans which sported a flaring flange studded with nerve bumps which proclaimed Vito's sensuality. The long urethra, a heavy tube running on the underside from his egg-sized testicles to where the frenum connected the foreskin to the crown, stood out from the rest of the shaft in angry magnificence. The whole staff bobbed and jerked with a life of its own.

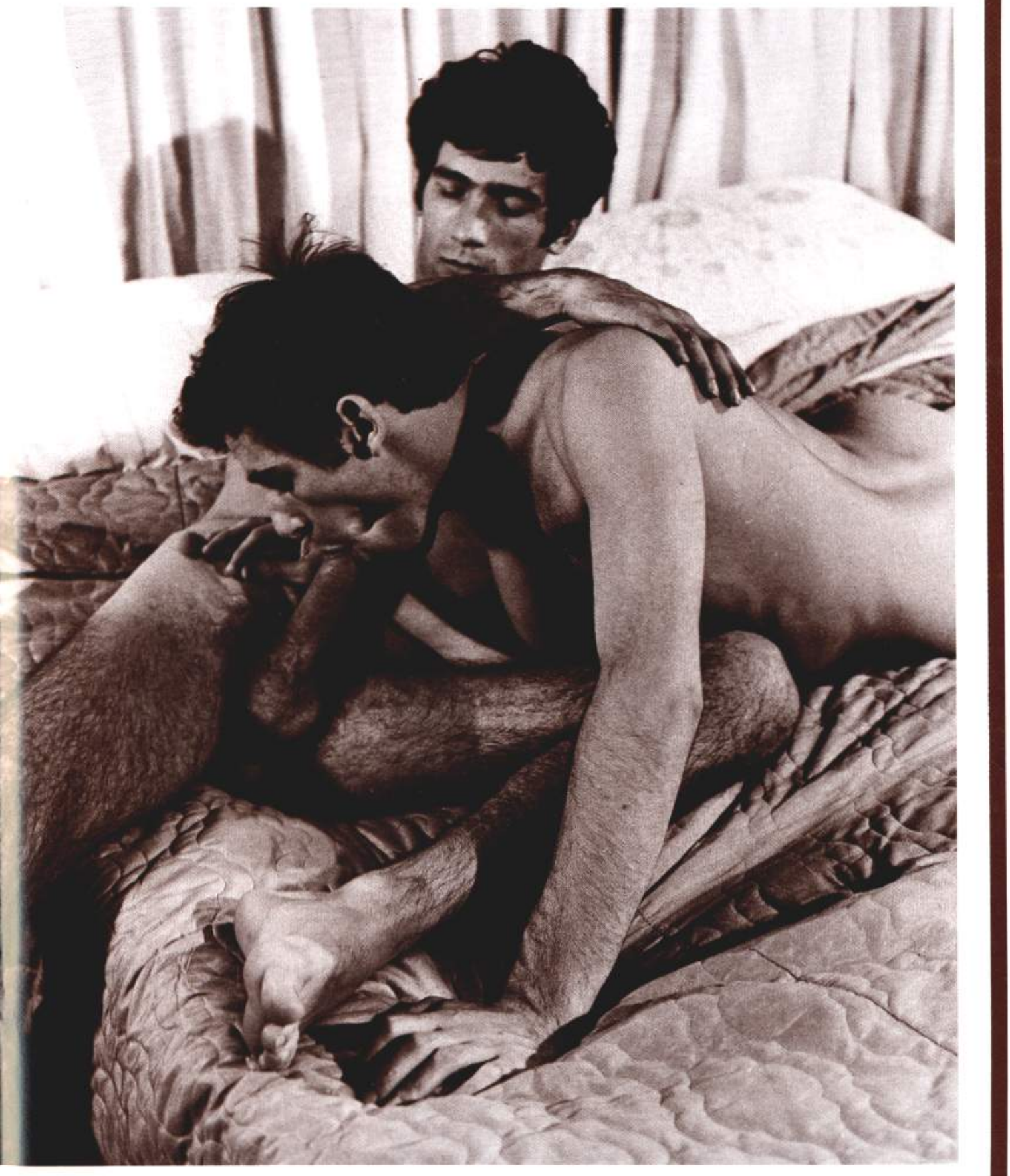
"I know," Carlos replied tremulously, "and how are we gonna do it? . . . I've never been fucked *before!"*

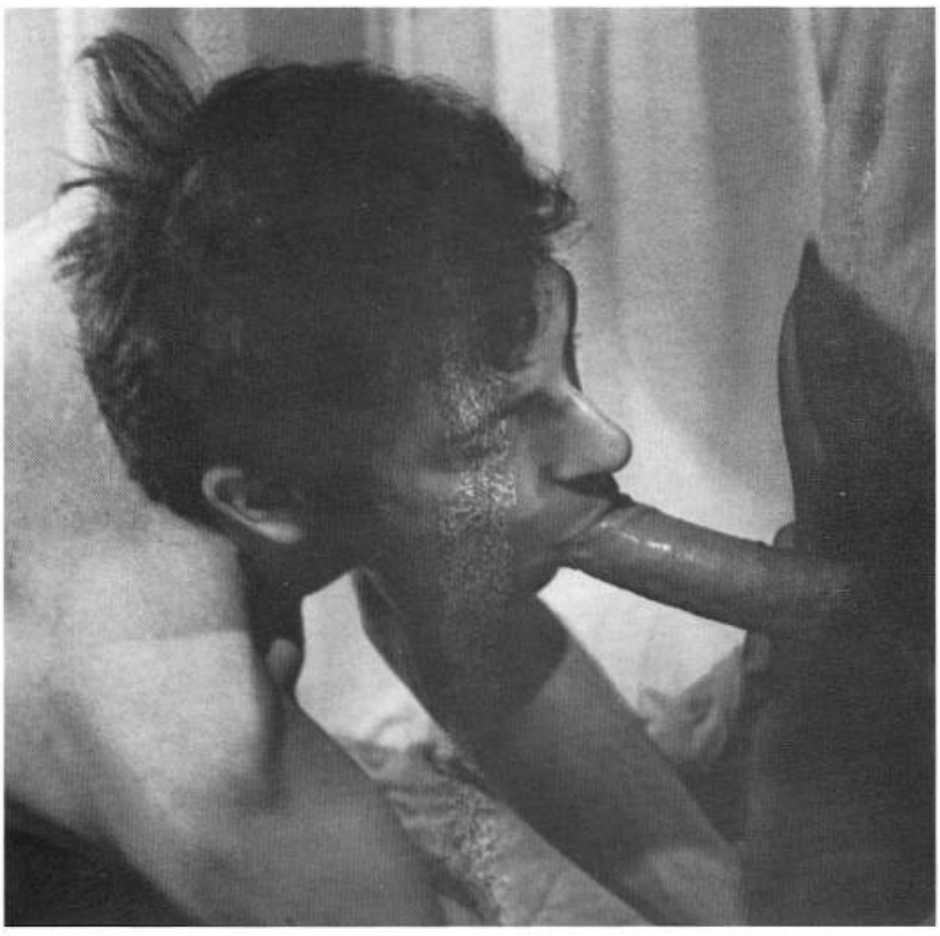
"Baby, I'm just gonna stick my dick *up your ass—that's how we're gonna do it!"*

The sight of Vito standing there, his beautiful cock in his fist, evaporated all of Carlos' inhibitions and suddenly, he had to have him in his mouth, one way or another.

He knelt in front of Vito and Vito said, "Wait—no sense in doin' this with my socks on!" As he pulled down his pants, Carlos encircled his trim, sleek hips with his arms, his lips and tongue frantically searching under Vito's huge nuts which hung pendulous and quivering in anticipation. Carlos wasn't exactly sure what to do but he let his emotions take full rein.

"Oh, baby," Vito moaned, "will you please suck me?"





Inflamed by the question and finding his tongue eagerly lapping the division ridge on Vito's perineum, the huge, bulbous cock-root throbbing with passion, he subconsciously went further and touched his hot tongue-tip to the tiny, fluted tissues of Vito's heretofore virgnial ass-hole.

Realizing that he was in complete control, Vito gently clasped Carlos' face in his palms and guided the willing mouth to the tip of his gigantic erection. As he sank his ten inch throbber in to the hilt, his dark, shiny, pubic curls tickling Carlos' nose and lips, he groaned and looked down at Carlos' bobbing head.

Carlos instinctively began to use his tongue, lashing the overly sensitive, satiny helmet, fluttering over the flaring, nerve-bump studded corona and

the heavily collared foreskin behind the enormous plum-shaped glans.

Huskily, Vito murmured, "Let's get this show in bed, Carlos baby–I want to do the same thing to you!" Reluctant to give up the gorgeous, fleshy shaft in his mouth, Carlos tried to retain Vito, but Vito put his hands under Carlos' armpits and pulled him to his feet, pressing his lips to Carlos', then tasting his own slightly musky, aromatic odor, thrusting his searching tongue into Carlos' steaming, hungry mouth.

"Wow!" Carlos exclaimed, pushing Vito back, "I don't think you really care about Maria at all . . ."

"Not with someone like you *around–c'mon, baby–into the bedroom and let's find out what cocksuckers do . . ."*

So turned on he couldn't resist, Carlos let himself be led into the bedroom. Vito kissed him again, caressing his throbbing monster and pushing him back on the bed. Pushing Carlos' knees up to his chest, he looked down lustfully at the bared ass-hole surrounded delicately by faint, dark curls.

"Let's suck first," Carlos pleaded, "then I'll be so hot, you'll have *to fuck me!"*

Acquiescing, Vito lay down on the bed in sixty nine position and both boys cradled their heads on each other's thigh and firmly encircled each huge prick in a fist. Carlos immediately dove down on the mighty shaft in his grasp, having already tasted the delights of having a huge pecker in his mouth.

Feeling the wonderful, hot, wet mouth bobbing at his crotch, Vito tentatively tasted the swollen, engorged rod whose crown was already dull red with impassioned desire with the tip of his tongue. He licked away the crystal tears seeping from the deep, pink slit and not getting a negative reaction, eased the crest between his ovalled lips.

The delicious sensation of Carlos' tongue and lips were causing him to shudder exquisitely and he gave himself up in utter abandon and matched all of Carlos' newly acquired talents as a cocksucker. His tongue lashed the scarlet helmet which throbbed and pulsated and he nibbled around the prominent corona as Carlos moaned through his sucking, never having dreamed that it would feel this beautiful.

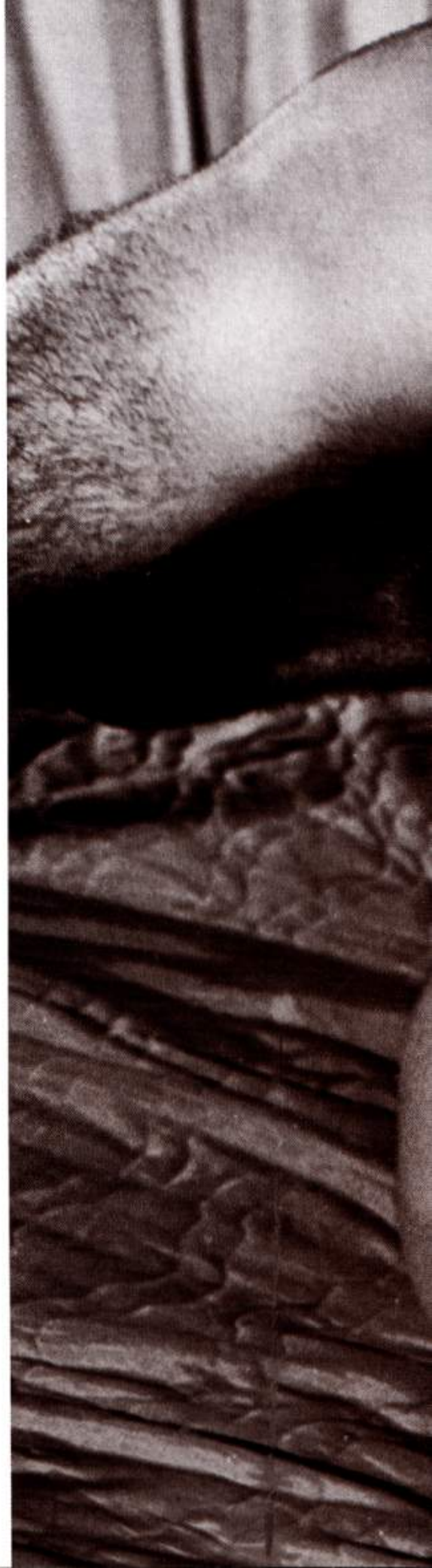
Vito gasped as he felt Carlos open his throat like a circus sword swallower and engulf him completely again. He tried it but couldn't quite get the hang of it so he contented himself with worrying the egg-sized crown and the few inches of the shaft into hysteria.

He pulled his mouth away after a few kaleidoscopic minutes and said in a shaking, tremulous voice, "Carlos–baby–I'm almost ready to toss my cookies! Can I come in your mouth?"

Carlos answered in an equally quavering voice, "We've gone this far–why not? Other guys do it and seem to love it! I'm game if you are!"

"I–don't–know–I . . . Oh, Christ, baby! Here–I–COME!!"

As he spurted frantically, the best come he'd ever experienced, he dove back down on Carlos and subconsciously matched Carlos' agitated suctionings and had the strange experience of first feeling the hot blast against his tonsils as Carlos erupted like a gusher, an artesian well which had never been tapped in this fashion before.



The taste of the molten flood was indeed alien at first and he gagged a bit, but held on gamely and with the ensuing spurts, managed to contain the whole load.

Carlos loved the semen taste immediately and greedily sucked voraciously to drain every pearly drop from the vast spermatic reservoir of Vito's giant nuts, aching and boiling in their frantic upheaval.

As the squirting charges diminished, Carlos rolled away from Vito exhausted.

"Hey—you're not gonna give up now, are you, baby?" Vito asked anxiously, his cock still as hard as steel. "I never can stop with one and I'm still gonna fuck you. You promised!"

"I'll have to get some kind of lubricant—that's not exactly a pencil," Carlos said, looking apprehensively at the monster still jutting up from Vito's neat, triangular, pubic patch, the immense balls having now descended to hang freely in their satiny sac.

"I'll find something, baby—hold on for a second."

He brought back a tube of Bryllcreme from the bathroom and said, "I'll bet you don't use this just on your hair!"

"What do you mean?" Carlos asked, his liquid, brown eyes shining impishly.

"You know fuckin' well what I mean," Vito replied, "you use it more for greasing up old Lady Five-Fingers, I'll bet!" He made the lewd jacking off sign with his fist.

"I always did like that greasy kid's stuff," Carlos answered grinning.

"And I'm just at the point of liking a greasy kid," Vito retorted. "Okay, baby, hoist those legs in the air and let's get on with the lube job."

"Will you do me a favor first?"

"I guess so—what?"

"Kiss it."

Vito looked at him dubiously, then seeing him lying there so beautiful with his spread thighs, knees to his chest, he knelt to the completely exposed ass-hole and touched the puckered, lens-like aperature he planned to assault with the tip of his tongue. Carlos moaned and wriggled his hips.

"You dig that, huh?" Vito asked and unscrewed the cap on the hair cream.

"Let me grease you up first," Carlos pleaded, lowering his legs. Vito handed him the tube and Carlos lovingly covered every inch with the cream and the beautiful shaft stood up straight and glistening, a shining, pagan priapic idol to be worshipped.

"Now you," Vito said huskily, motioning for Carlos to raise his legs again.

Placing a dab of cream on the round, rosy-brown tissue, Vito rubbed his finger round and round, getting the quivering ring used to being touched and manipulated. Then he eased a finger in gently. Carlos bucked at the first insertion, then as Vito slowly finger fucked him, lubricating the inner walls, Carlos groaned in ecstasy as Vito ran his finger over the swollen prostate gland.

Carlos' prick was standing at attention again and Vito gently kneaded and rolled his nuts and stroked the stiffened shaft as he continued his finger work.

When he had Carlos panting and moaning, he placed the gleaming, snub nose of his gigantic cock against the slick,

greasy entrance and gave a forceful shove. As the punishing giant rushed through the surprised anal ring, Carlos uttered a cry of agony, the pain being fearful.

"Take it out!" he gasped, "I can't take it!"

"Just relax, baby," Vito soothed, "you'll get used to it—don't make me take it out now! Just when I'm gettin' my first piece of boy-ass!"

Soon, Carlos' sphincter muscle began to relax and accept the torturing weapon being stuffed up his virginal ass-hole. The pain was now turning into a strange, pleasurable feeling. Vito had gently forced the whole ten inches in, letting it lie there quiescent so that Carlos could assimilate it. He couldn't control the involuntary throbbings, of course, and they in turn pressed again and again on the prostatic acorn raising Carlos' sexual temperature to an unbelievably high pitch.

"It's okay now, Vito—it feels great! Go ahead and start the fucking!" Carlos pleaded.

Vito grinned in relief and slowly eased out, leaving only the monstrous crest lying in the channel. "Sure you're ready?" he gasped as the tight, clutching sheath thrilled him to the core of his being. It felt like a kid-gloved hand had encased him and was milking him with delirious convulsions.

"Yes, I'm ready," Carlos murmured, locking his ankles behind Vito's back and clutching him to his chest.

Vito began a long, ten inch thrusting motion, his enormous crest rolling out all the wrinkles and convolutions in Carlos' steaming canal, rumbling over the hysterical prostate time after time. He picked up the tempo at Carlos' insistence and was soon pile-driving, his pubic bone crashing into Carlos' perineum and his balls smacking between his taut, stretched buttocks.

Getting carried away, he began to kiss Carlos violently, his hand between their bellies, urging Carlos' pulsating prick to shoot its load.

Suddenly, Carlos began to moan and whimper uncontrollably as the punishing crown abused his prostate, stroke after stroke.

"Vito!" he cried, "something's happening! I'm gonna—come! I'm gonna come!!"

"Wait for me, baby–I'm there, too! What–a–sen–sat–ional fuck–you–are, Carlos! You're better–than any–girl I've–ever–had! And–I'm coming–Carlos–are you ready? 'Cause–HERE I GO–HERE IT IS! I'M UNGH! UNGH! UNGH! COMMIINNGG! AAAAAAGH! AAAAAAAGH!"

Carlos felt the warm deluge in his bowels and his almost ruptured prostate answered the heavy torrent by contracting spasmodically, spurting gush after gush of white-hot love-lava between their bellies, smearing them with the sticky starch.

"Oh, Christ! This is fantastic!" Vito mumbled as his hips kept thrusting without his being able to stop them.

Carlos lay in a stupor when Vito had finished and still lay deeply inside him, loath to remove the satyric shaft from its flaming nest.

"My boy," Vito said softly, "you have just been fucked! *How did you like it?"*

"It hurt something powerful at first but then it got to feeling so great, I couldn't stand it! But I love it—especially with you—can we do it again?"

"You mean right now—I hope!"

"No—I'm kinda fucked out right now!"

"Okay—let's go take a shower."

"You go ahead—I'll be in in a minute."

Carlos heard the shower running and thought about the beautiful body the water was cleansing. As he lay there, his prick stirred again—he was becoming uncontrollably horny for the third time that day. He opened the bathroom door just as Vito had finished toweling off.

"Oh, Vito," he murmured and hastened to him and his waiting arms. The sight of Carlos so aroused, turned Vito on again and he began kissing Carlos over all of his body. His lips fasted on one of the large, dusky medallions decorating Carlos' square pectorals and a flaming shock made Carlos shudder deliciously. "Aaah!" he groaned, "who would ever believe it could be like this with a guy?!!"

He was standing with his head thrown back, his eyes closed and his lips stretched open and taut against his clenched teeth, his breath whistling with new passion. As Vito's tongue slid wetly and provocatively down over his abdominals and dipped into his small, shallow navel, Carlos' hips began to writhe and he entwined his fingers in the dark, damp curls capping Vito's head. Vito's tongue continued lapping and searching down the slim, ebony crab trail and tickled its way through the thick, crisp, wiry tendrils clustering around the beautiful, soaring, creamy tower with its scarlet cap. Grasping the now again aching, swollen balls with one hand, he gently but greedily sucked them in, one by one. Carlos' cock throbbed and jerked as his nuts reacted violently to the love being laved on them.

His tongue wandered up the hugely distended urethra and lashed at the frenum where the back folded foreskin connected to the glans, then sank the perfectly shaped, scarlet crown between his ovalled lips and Carlos gave a cry of ecstasy as the tight oral sheath engulfed him.

With his head bobbing, Vito searched beneath Carlos' low hanging nuts and stroked the greasy perineum, then let a finger wander to the already violated ass-hole, Carlos spreading his legs a little wider to give Vito full advantage. Knowing Carlos was already loosened up, Vito thrust his finger in past the bruised but highly excited sphincter ring and probed the prostatic gland again.

Carlos whimpered sensuously, then grabbing Vito's head between his palms, began hunching eagerly into his mouth, holding Vito's head still.

"This is the best!" *he thought, the swiftness and violence of the first two times having merely whetted his craving. "I love it—all of it—the sucking—the fucking—I guess I* must *be queer! And look at Vito—sweet Vito—sucking on my cock like a lollipop!" All the while these thoughts were going through his mind, his balls were beginning their slow boil and he began to pant harshly.*

Wildly excited now by Carlos' obvious approach, Vito couldn't wait for his turn and grasped his gorgeous, fantastically girthed, ten inch come muscle and flailed it frantically, forgetting the preliminaries and the usually desired, slow build up.

Carlos groaned deeply from his diaphragm and suddenly stiffened. His thighs turned into marble pillars and his abdominals stood out in bold relief as with soul rending "ungh, ungh, unghs," he jettisoned a giant, shattering torrent of foaming, white love-glue against the back of Vito's throat.

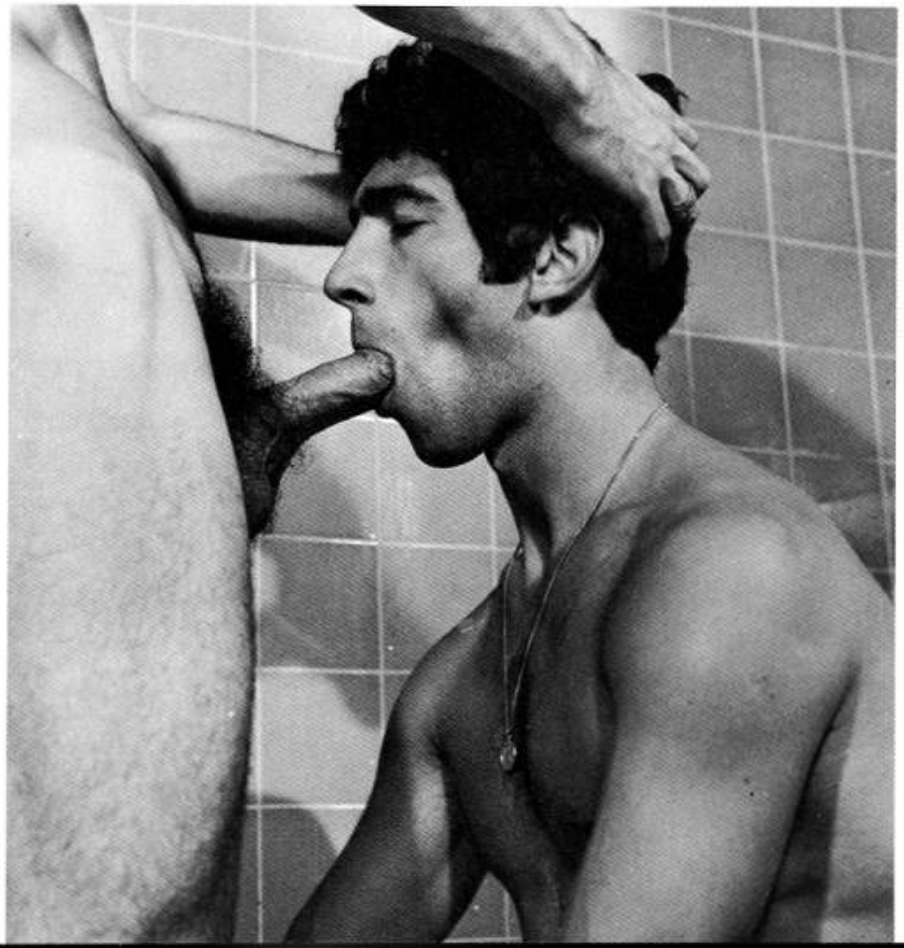
At the same time, Vito unleashed a volcanic gusher, spurting up from his kneeling position, the enormous crest of the geysering monster reaching well up past his navel.

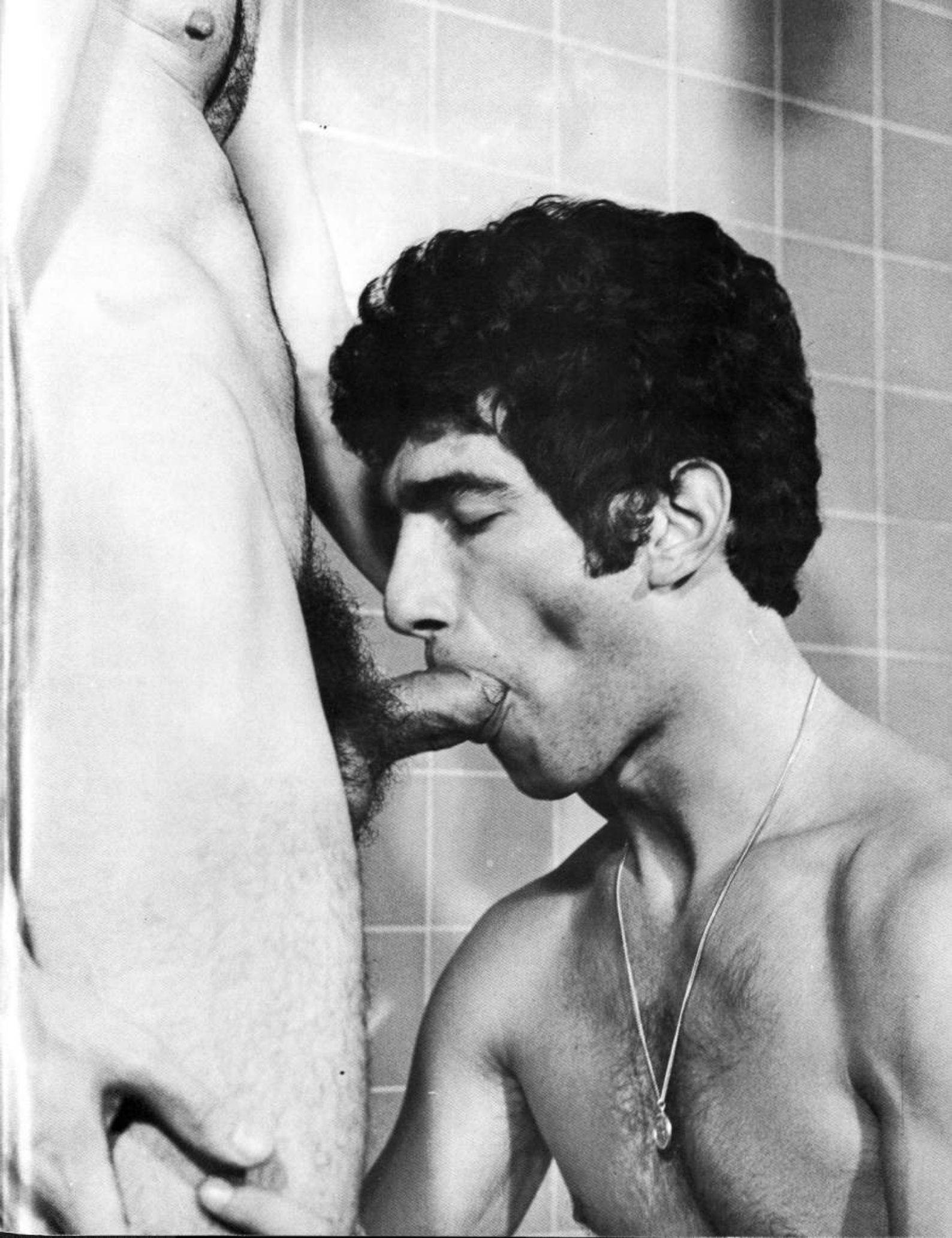
As the surges dwindled down, Carlos looked down at Vito's still slowly bobbing head lovingly and said, "It's too bad that you're Maria's boy friend—I wish you were mine!"

"I am, *Carlos—you see—I don't even know Maria! I just knew that she was your sister and I waited around outside until I saw her leave. I've wanted you for a long time but I didn't have any experience and didn't exactly know what to do!"*

Carlos gasped at the revelation, then replied with shining eyes, "Then this is your *first time, too!"*

"Yes—but not the last—my little big-cocked lover!"





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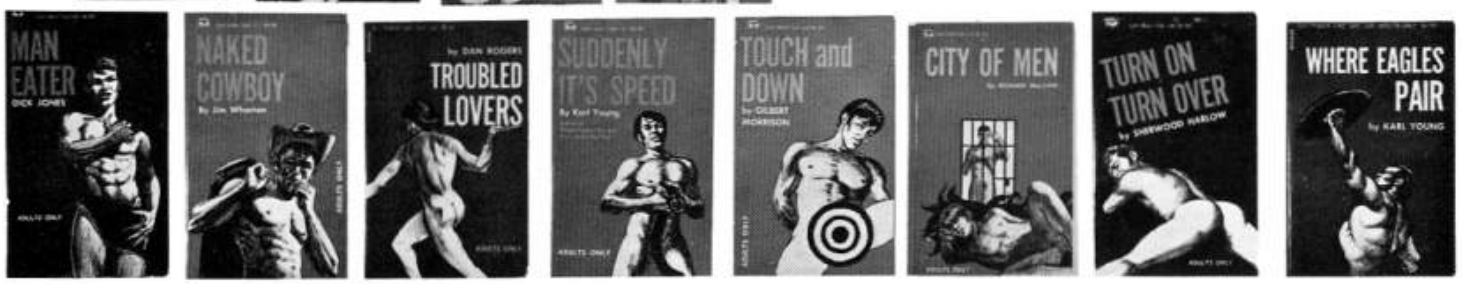

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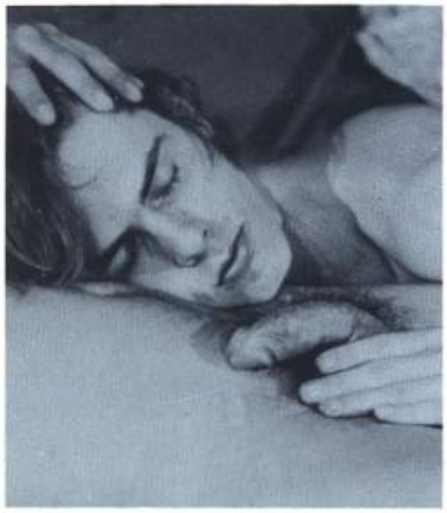

DONNY & CHET — photo story

Book Review

Foreword by
Jonathan Crooks, M.D.

Among the multitude of magazines, films and other assorted material being offered today, here at last is a breath of freshness and reality. Honest and graphic photos depicting the beauty of homosexual love in all it's detail. Earthy and intriguing stories of one man's love for another. The real thing, presented at last in a way that will appeal to YOU the reader. We strongly suggest that if you may be offended by the graphic depiction of sexual love and gratification between two males, you do not buy this book. On the other hand, if that is indeed what you are looking for, THIS MAGAZINE IS FOR YOU!

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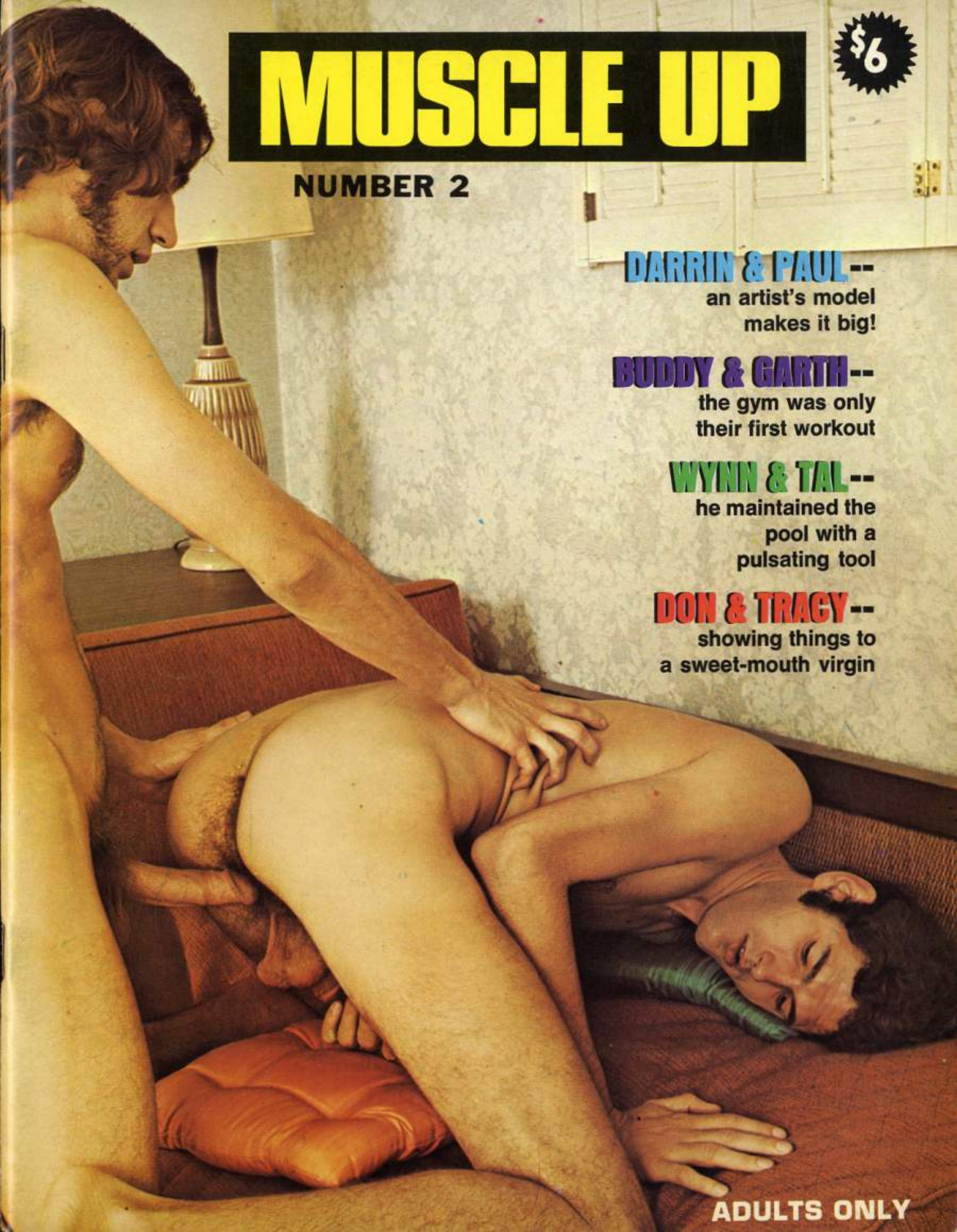
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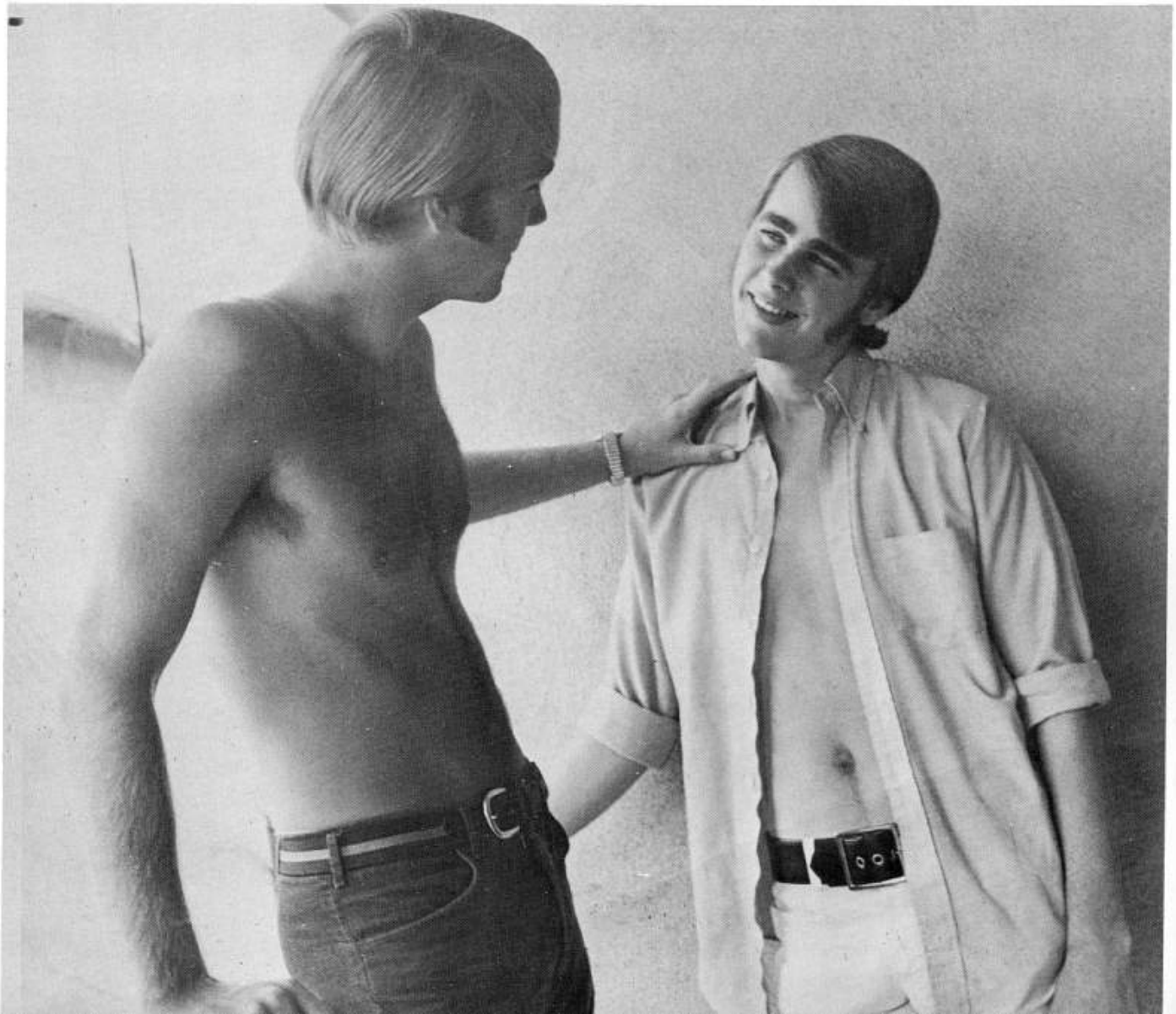


"I thought you guys always wanted your models to be naked!" Paul exclaimed to the young artist who had hired him just fifteen minutes ago.

The artist, Darrin, regarded his young, handsome, dark curly haired model with laconic amusement and asked, "And just where did you get your information?"

"Oh—I've talked to lots of guys who've modeled."

"And what do they *say?"*

"That you want to see me naked more than you want to draw us!"

"I haven't asked you to strip, have I?"

"But you'd like me to, wouldn't you?"

"It sounds to me like you want *to!"*

"I thought at least that you'd try to put the make on me!"

"Do I look queer to you?"

"No—but you are *an artist . . ."*

"How do you know? maybe I just thought you were a cheap fuck."

Things weren't going at all like Paul had anticipated. When Buddy, a kid he knew from school, had told him about the modeling job and had hinted about a free blow job thrown in, Paul had been highly excited and ready to go all out. He had had several suck jobs from the school fairy and enjoyed them much more than he cared to admit publicly. In his dreams, he had even taken the offensive and gone down on several buddies who caused his emotions to get all fucked up once in a while.

As he noticed Darrin's eyes engaged with his canvas, he swiftly unzipped his pants and pushed them and his shorts down to his knees and sat there waiting with bated breath. Darrin's face showed shock, then pleasant

surprise when he looked at Paul again. "You're really asking for it, aren't you?" he asked huskily.

His eyes boldly devoured Paul's huge, fat, lengthy cock and he said, "You really didn't come up here to pose at all, did you? You're just another hot stud who wants to get his rocks off!"

"Don't I appeal to you at all?" Paul asked, his eyes sparkling with excitement.

"You want me to admit it, don't you? You want me to tell you that I want to suck your cock!"

"Will you? I've only known one other guy like you and I just can't seem to get enough!"

"What will you do in return?"

"What do you want *me to do?"*

"Just let yourself go."

"You mean—suck your dick?"

"If you feel like it."

"Look, man! I've never let any *stud stick their joint in* my *mouth!"*

Darrin moved from behind the easel and stood in front of Paul. "Wouldn't you like to see what I've got swinging?" he taunted.

"As a matter of fact, I would!" Paul replied brazenly and unbuckled Darrin's belt, then popped open his buttons and pushed his pants down. "Oho—no shorts!" he exclaimed, "I guess you know what that means in my crowd!"

"Probably the same thing it means in my *crowd!" Darrin responded.*

"Just that you're ready all the time."

"That's it right on the end of the stick!"

Paul looked at the stiffening prick, then ran his hands over Darrin's naked, small, firm butt and murmured, "You sure have a beautiful ass, buddy!"

"I've been told that my dick isn't too bad, either."

"It's great, man—but you'll have to remember that I'm brand new to this kind of jazz."

"What made you take the job in the first place?" Darrin asked.

"Oh, this friend of mine, Buddy Schofield, told me I could make some bread and probably get sucked off if I came here."

"Buddy Schofield—oh, yes—do you know him well?"

"He's got one of the biggest peckers in school."

"Yes—I know!"

"It sounds like he's modeled for you, too."

"Many times."

"Then you've . . ."

"Sucked him off? Sure—every time he comes here!"

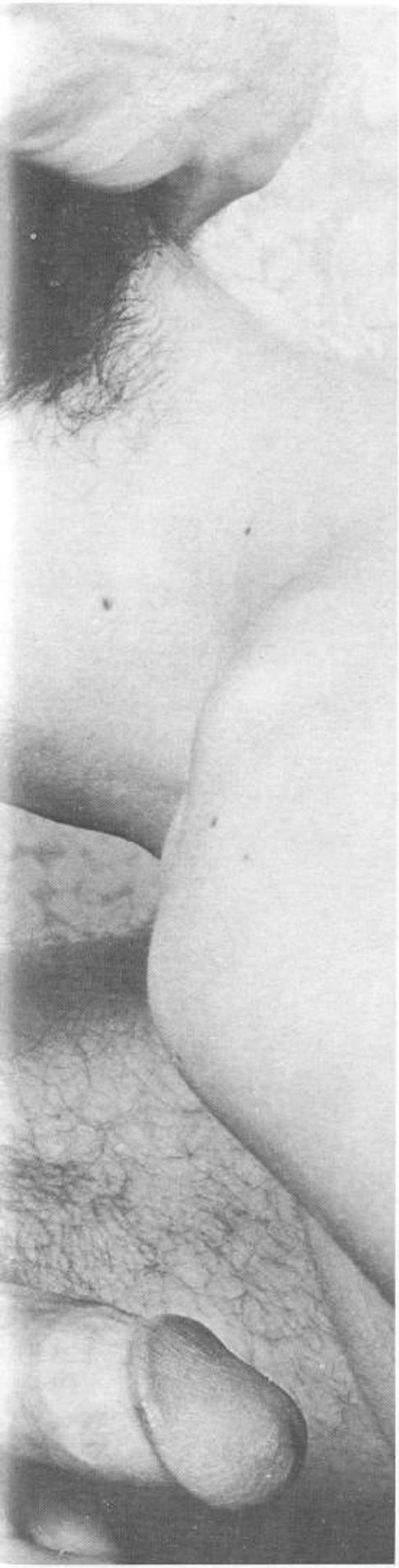
"I guessed as much—he sure has a sensational prick, doesn't he?"

"It sounds to me as if you know it quite well!"

"He's in my gym class and I see him naked all the time."

"With a hard-on?"

Paul grinned and said,



"Sometimes—we all play around together."

"What do you mean—jack each other off?"

"Once in a while—he sure has a sensational prick," he repeated.

"Has he ever asked you to go down on him?"

"Yes."

"And have you?"

"No."

"But you want to, don't you? I have you pictured as a virgin hoping for rape!"

Frankly, Paul replied, "I never have—but I've dreamed about it!"

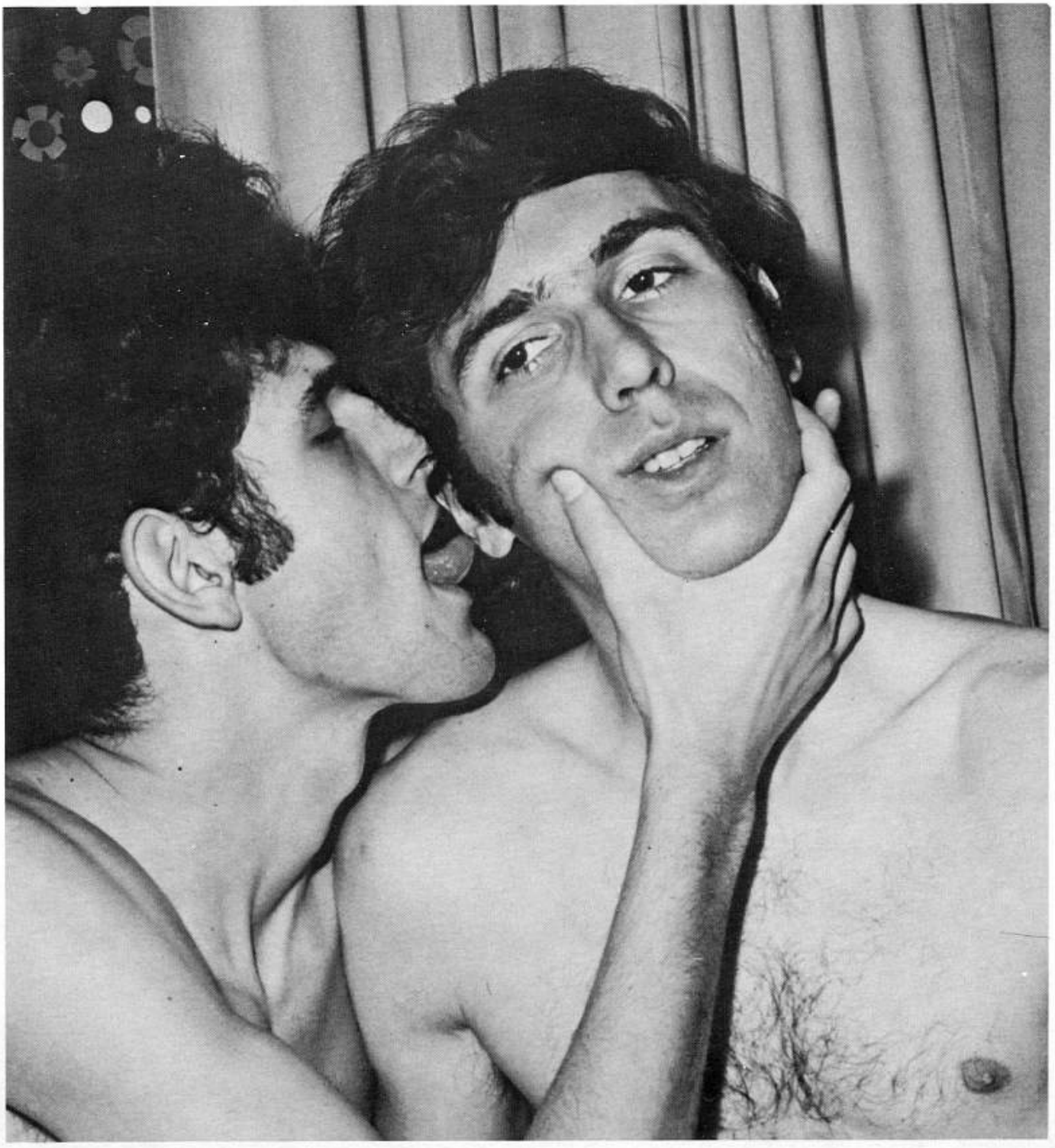
"Are there other guys in your crowd who affect you the same way?"

After a pause, Paul said, "Yes—hey! How come I'm talking to you this way?"

"Because you know I'm going to suck your dick!" Darrin stated flatly.

"But you asked what I'm going to do in return!"

"I'm going to make it so good, you're going to want to come back—and I have a feeling that you want to find out just what it's all about."



Paul looked down at his rigid tube which was throbbing with expectation. "You must be calling the shots right because I'm sure ready to go! Will you suck me off and give me a day or two to decide about the rest?"

"If you think I'd let that beauty get away from me, you're out of your bird!"

"It is kind of nice, ain't it?" Paul said proudly.

"Let's get you stripped so we can really enjoy it!"

"Okay—but you take off your clothes, too, so I can see you."

"Gladly!" Darrin bent down and began kissing the insides of Paul's thighs and just when he reached his low hanging balls, he stood up and stuck his tongue tip in Paul's ear.

"Oh, wow, man! That really turns me on!" Paul exclaimed.

When Darrin was stripped out of his clothes, Paul put his arms around him and said, "I've never kissed another guy, but I feel like doing it to you!" He kissed Darrin soulfully and suddenly, their tongues were in a dueling dance, Paul giving himself completely to the game.

Darrin wrestled him into every known position and teased him unmercifully by slipping his fist down over Paul's hysterical giant, pushing the foreskin back behind his flaring corona, then pulling it back over the huge, pulsating, perfectly formed crown and letting it go. Paul was murmuring incoherent endearments as the electrical sensations bombarded the base of his skull, turning him into a wanton libertine made of nothing but sensuous nerve endings.

Darrin pushed him to the floor behind the easel and made a big production of starting at Paul's nipples, licking and sucking them, then gently nipping them with his teeth. When they were

erect and Paul was gasping with urgency and ecstacy, Darrin kissed and licked down his heavily muscle plated abdomen, his belly and then fluttered his tongue through the riotous pubic curls to the vastly girthed base of his throbbing column.

He slipped his ovalled lips over the scarlet helmet and took the entire crown into his hot, dripping mouth. Paul moaned and let his head fall against the wall as Darrin's lips, tongue and teeth did wildly magical things to the most beloved part of his handsome body.

Darrin lifted his head and whispered, "You don't have to suck it this time, but will you jack me off while I suck you?"

"I'd love to," Paul murmured fervently and grasped Darrin's towering hard-on after Darrin shifted his body around.

Darrin's tongue went wild on the satiny, taut skin of Paul's hysterical crest, then opening his throat like a circus sword swallower, he let the entire crown and shaft sink down into his throat until his nose and lips were buried in the damp, aromatic curls around the base of the mighty weapon.

Having experienced this only a

few times, Paul hadn't developed enough control to make it last and was soon clutching at Darrin's mop of dark curls as he thrashed his head back and forth and gasped, "I'm—gonna come—Darrin—I'm—I've—got to—COME!! I'M COOMMIINNG!!"

He jetted violently against Darrin's willing tonsils which were almost swept from their mooring by the copious flood and his body shuddered uncontrollably with the ecstatic sensations which inundated him. After seeming centuries, he opened his eyes in wonderment and gazed into Darrin's. "That was the greatest thing I ever hope to experience!" he said softly. "I don't think I've—ever felt anything—about anybody—the way I feel about you! Am I supposed to feel this way? I mean—I actually feel like I'm in love with you!"

Darrin kissed him again and helped him to his feet. "Think about it for a day or two—if you still want to come back, maybe we've got something going—and you might even feel like doing a little modeling!"

Paul grinned and said, "The way I feel right now, you're going to have a built-in, live-in model all the time!"

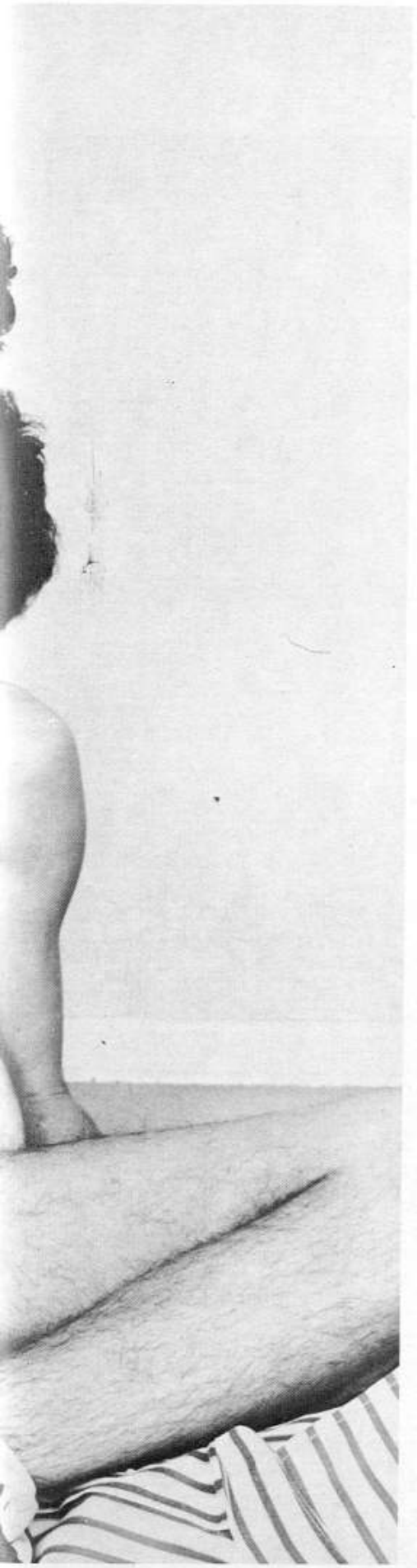
Darrin looked at the beautiful, naked boy and replied, "I've been looking for you a long time, Paul—please decide in my favor!"

"The only thing I have to decide is when I'm going to break down and let me *suck* your *cock!"*

"It is *important—in one way. Whether you like it or not, it will prove to me that you're trying to please me—and* that *is necessary!"*

"Can two people really fall in love in half an hour?"

"If the vibes are right—and as



far as I'm concerned, they are!"

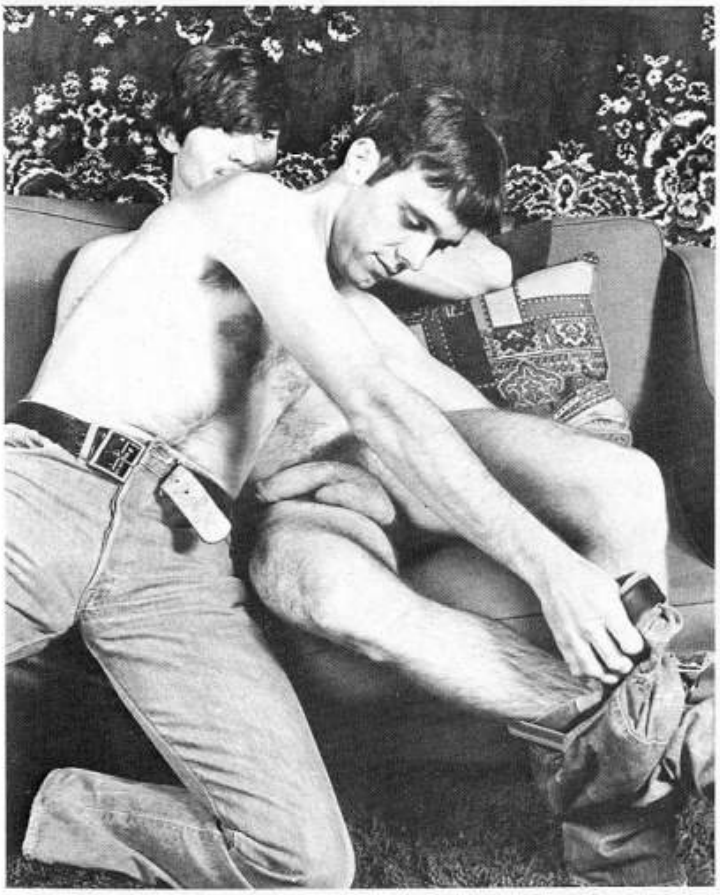
"I can just see what's going to happen right now!"

"What?"

"I'm going to come in and after kissing you for two or three hours, I'm going to skinny down your pants and kiss you all over—just the way you did me—and then . . ."

"And then . . . ?" Darrin questioned huskily.

BUDDY & GARTH



As Buddy Childress walked across the campus, he mused, "I wonder how Paul is making out—he sure wanted to get his cock sucked in the worst way! If I know Darrin, he's got him stripped already and hard as a rock! God damn, that Darrin's a great cock-sucker! The way he opens that throat of his and takes you all the way to the balls . . ."

Just the thought of it made him feel the presence of the most celebrated prick in school. He really did have a gorgeous cock and no one knew it better than he! Every guy in school would like to have it, one way or the other! If it couldn't be swinging on them, they'd like it in their mouths or up their butts! Up their butts—oh, Christ! That was the way Buddy liked it best—up their butts!

Just then, he heard a happy "Hi there" behind him and looking over his shoulder, he saw a new stud in school, Garth Chamberlain. He had just transferred from another school a couple of days ago and Buddy had noticed him when they were taking their showers after gym. He was built just great and had a dong almost as fantastic as his—fat, huge and uncircumcised. On top of that, he was a better than average looking dude and he had already caught the expressions on some of the sorority girls' faces when they spied him.

He flashed his brilliant smile and answered, "Hi, yourself! Where're you bound?"

"Nowhere in particular—you know that I'm new here and I haven't made any friends yet. I was hoping you'd be the first."

"You've got it—where do you live?"

"About two blocks from here."

"Who do you live with—your folks?"

"No—I live alone—my folks are back in the mid-West."

"I was going to ask you to come home with me, but seeing that you live so close . . ."

"Sure—I was just about to invite you. I've got some cold beer in the frig and we can talk . . ."

"Groovy—let's go!"

As they walked to Garth's pad, Buddy said, "I noticed your build today in the showers and man! You've got some body!"

"I noticed yours, too, and I thought I had some piece of meat, but yours is fantastic!"

"As long as we're being so frank, how big is yours hard?"

"Ten—how about yours?"

"Ten and a half—rarin' to go, that is!"

"Are there any fruits in school?"

"A couple—why—interested?"

"I'm used to having sex with other guys," Garth stated candidly.

"Oh—we jack off together."

"Kid stuff—I mean, I'm used to having my joint copped."

"I've had a few blow jobs myself," Buddy admitted.

"Ever go any further?"

"Like what?" Buddy's pulse began beating in his ears.

"Ever had anybody cornhole you?"

"What's that?"

"That's mid-West for getting fucked up the butt."

"No—have you?"

"We're getting in pretty deep—maybe we'd better cool it."

"Come on—you started it—have you ever been fucked in the butt?"

"... Yeah—that's just about all the guys back home did."

"Feel like it now?"

"That's just about all I've been thinking about since the showers today!"

"You've just found your first friend! I've never known anyone so frank about liking to get fucked—usually, you have to beg and plead a little!"

"Would you like to do the whole routine? Suckin' and kissin' and all that shit?"

"You sound like a winner, pal! Let's hurry up and get it on!"

"Do you go with anyone special—I mean a guy?"

"Not so far."

When they got in the small apartment, everything was forgotten except their urgency. Garth pulled Buddy down on the couch and had his Levis down around his knees in a twinkling. "You sure don't waste much time, do you?" Buddy gasped.

"Take a look at your little friend here inside my Levis and you'll find there isn't much time left!"

Buddy popped open Garth's buttons and took out his gorgeous giant and said, "Stop the clock! Friends forever!"

WYNN & TAL

Wynn Cleary, Darrin's younger brother, lay stretched out on the diving board stark naked. He was as blond as Darrin was dark and had an even more handsome body. Darrin had puzzled him for most of his life until about three weeks ago when he had gone to visit. Darrin was an artist and had persuaded his folks to let him take an apartment by himself to carry on his career. Wynn hadn't bothered to knock and the first thing he saw was Darrin sucking off a young, dark curly headed stud on the floor.

With his thoughts a riot of confusion, he had watched for a few moments, disgusted at first, then feeling his cock start to burst his pant seams, had fled in silence. His brother—a cocksucker! Everything he knew and had been taught cried out against it, but there was something about those ovalled lips sliding up and down that shiny, slippery, glistening prick that . . .

Oh, sure—he had heard about fairy cocksuckers all his life, but he had never seen one until—Jesus Christ! That was his own sensational brother, Darrin—and there was no getting around it—he was enjoying it! Hmmmm—how did it feel? By the expression on the other young guy's face, it really must be something!

He heard a sound at the street gate to the pool and thought in a panic, "I forgot that this was Tal's day to clean the pool! And he'll catch me out here naked!" Then he had a perverse thought—"Who cares? Why should he mind if I'm out here naked? He's seen me bare-assed before—what the fuck! I'll shock him!"

He pretended to be asleep, but

watched Tal's expression when he first saw him. After the initial surprise, there was a strange look that came into his eyes. Wynn held his breath as Tal glided to his side silently and stood looking down at him. He was even more surprised when Tal unbuckled his pants, unzipped and pushed them down to his knees. With amazement, Wynn felt his prick begin to get hard and Tal suddenly meant more to him than a friend and the pool-boy. Tal stood over him and began playing with his dick, jacking on it as if he wanted to shoot on Wynn's belly!

There was no disguising the fact that he was getting a hard-on so he opened his eyes and grabbed Tal, pulling him across his mid-section and paddling his beautiful, bare behind. Tal surprised him again by pushing him down flat against the board and laying his cheek against his hard, flat belly. Rampant, erotic thoughts assailed Wynn's brain as he watched Tal strip, then sit on

the end of the board at his head and lean down to kiss him!

Then Tal stood up and let his huge, fat dong hang just over his mouth. "What are you doing?" Wynn gasped, not knowing what kind of an answer to expect.

"Don't I kinda turn you on?" Tal asked impishly.

Wynn looked down at his own pulsating prick and answered candidly, "I guess you do—at least, part of me!"

"Haven't you ever done anything with another guy?"

"Just jacked off with Darrin."

"He's *sucked* me off!" Tal said trimphantly.

"So that wasn't his first time!" Wynn mused out loud.

"What d'ya mean?"

"I saw him suck another guy off about three weeks ago—that's queer, isn't it?"

"If it feels good, who cares?"

"Do you feel that way—would you like to suck me off?"

"If you'll do it to me."

"Okay—what do I have to lose—except this giant hard-on!"

"Here—I'll show you how it's done." Tal bend down and sucked Wynn's hard, satiny, shiny crest into his mouth. Wynn groaned and murmured, "So that's what I've been missing all my life!"

"If I have my way, you won't have to miss it any more!"

"Do you—do you go all the way?"

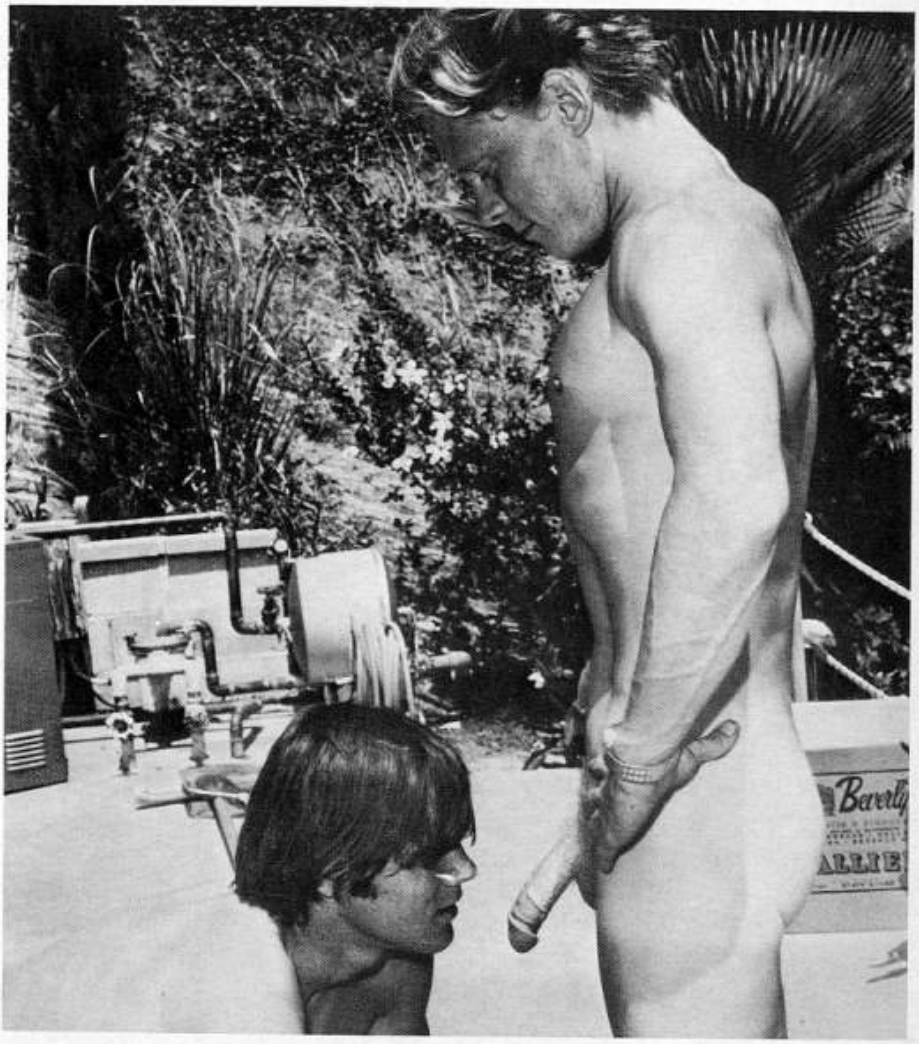
"Do you mean, can you come in my mouth?"

"Well—yeah."

"Only if you promise to do the same thing to me."

"I'll do it!" Wynn promised through clenched teeth.

After Wynn shot his virginal load into Tal's grateful throat, Tal murmured, "*Now* I'll enjoy cleaning this pool *again*—even though Darrin *is* gone!"



DON & TRACY

Tracy Childress knocked on Don Talbot's door and Don immediately answered it. "Hi, Tracy—what's on your mind?" Don asked.

"Well—I—uh—Buddy told me to come over to see you."

"Yeah, what about?"

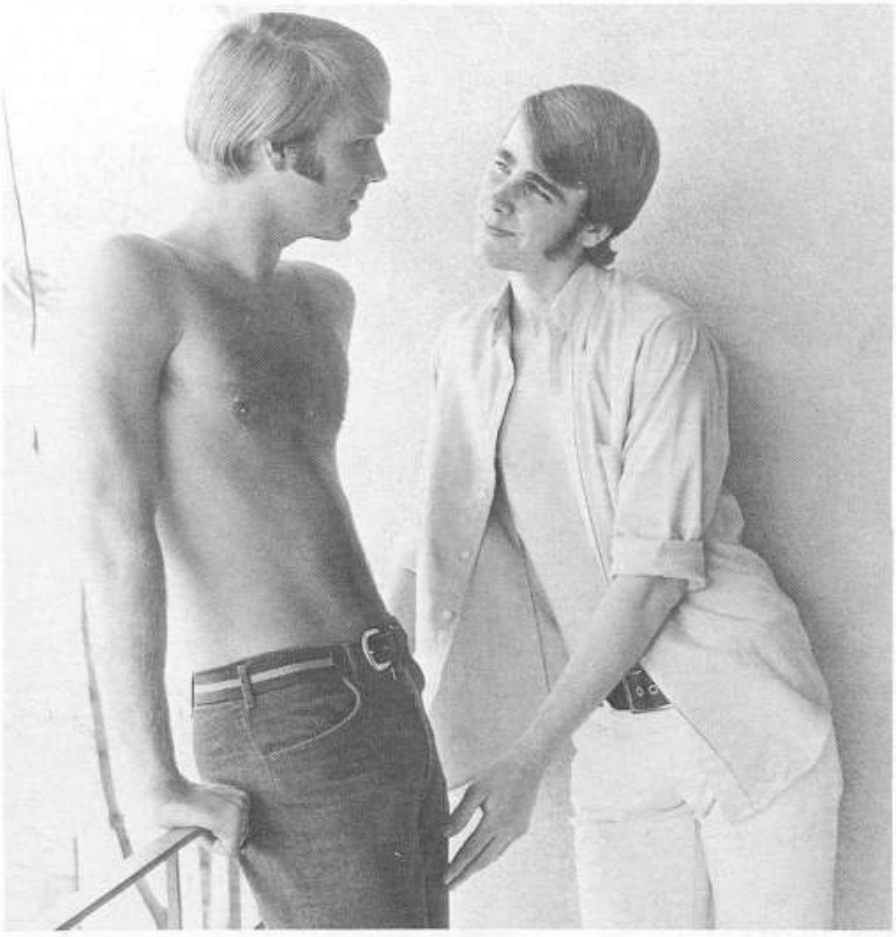
"He said that there were a few things I ought to learn."

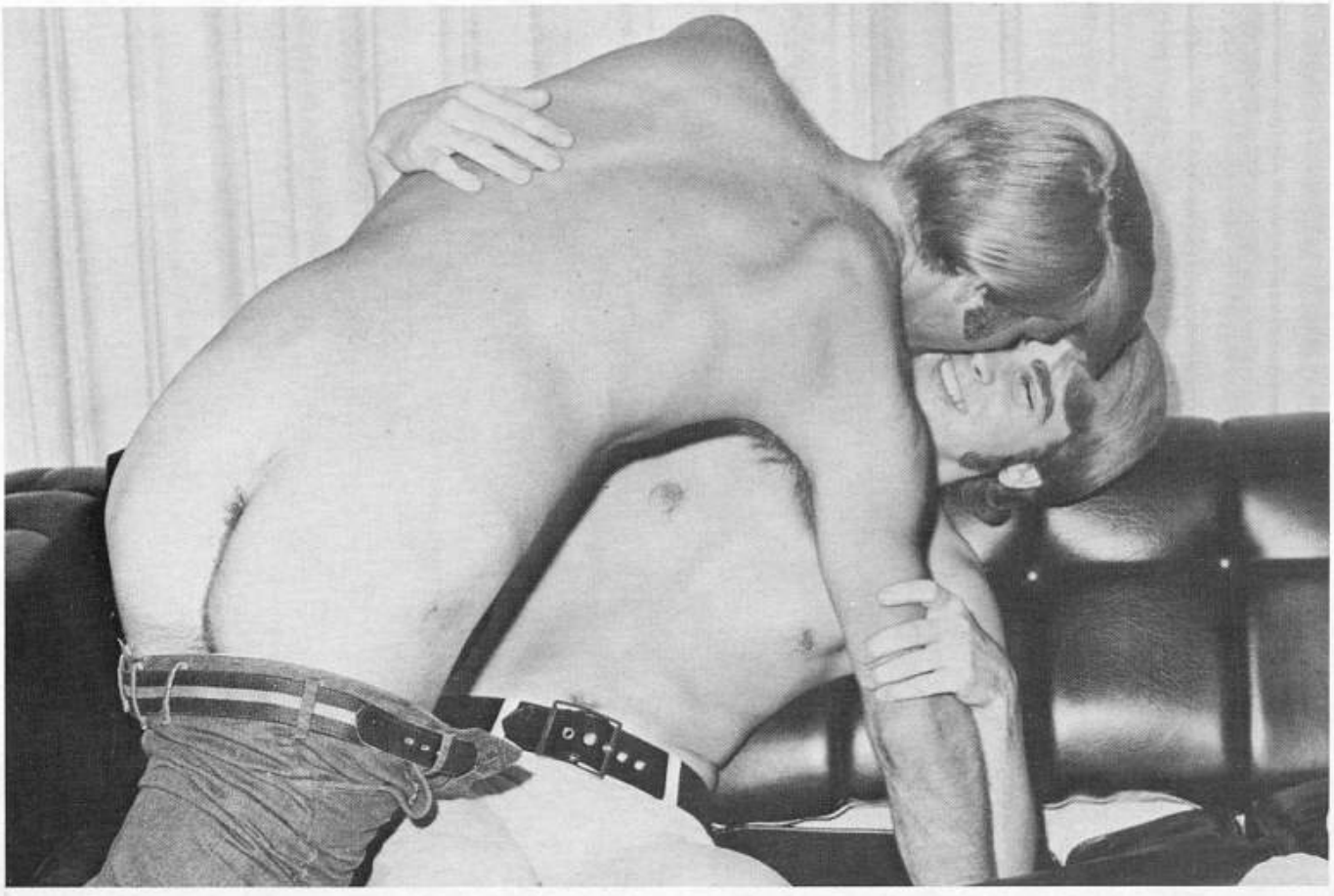
"So? Like what?"

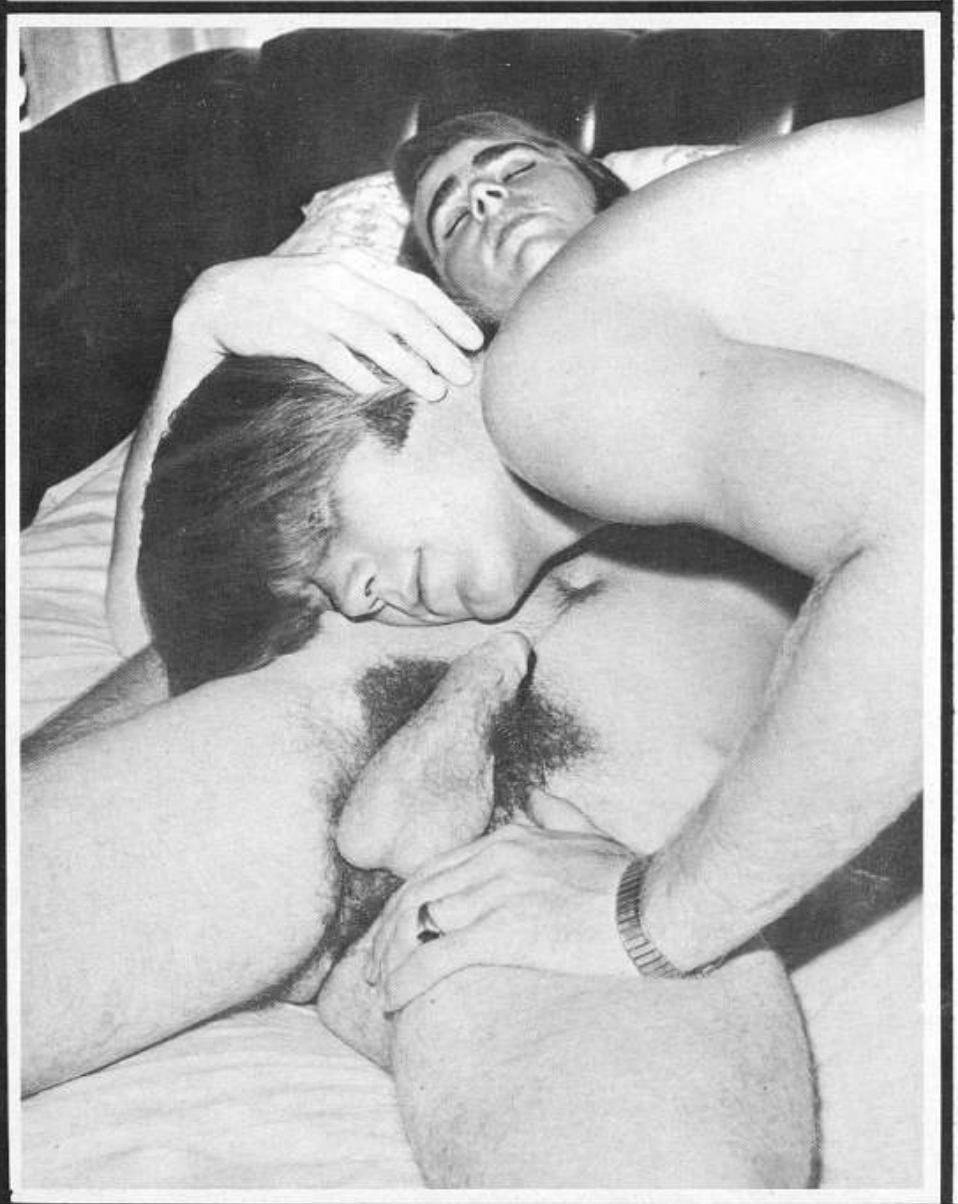
Don was leaning up against the wall of the apartment and to his surprise, Tracy reached over and gently encased his huge cock, which was showing plainly through his pants, in his fist. "Buddy told me that you could show me some things I've been wondering about."

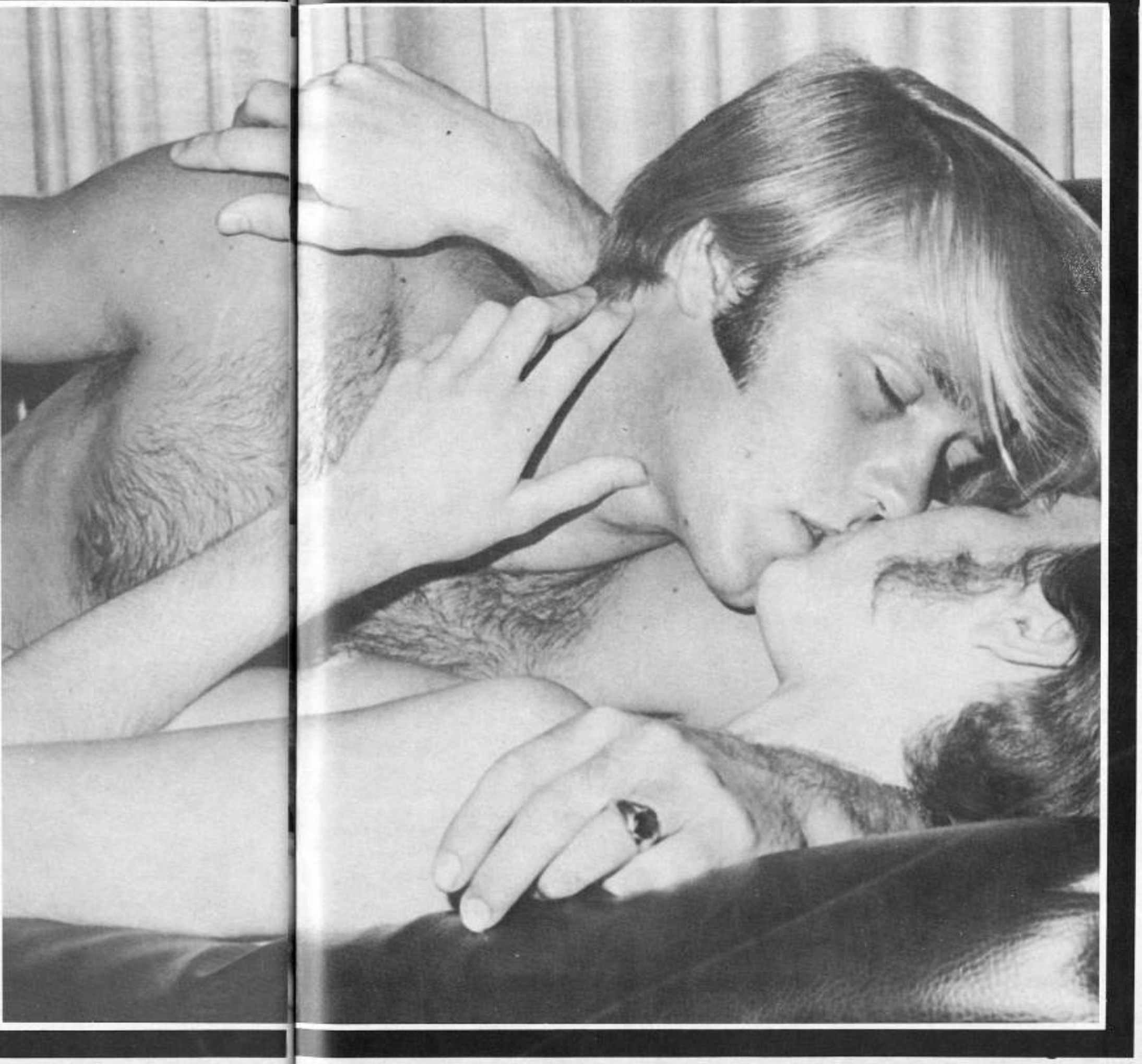
Don looked down at the fist which still held his cock and said, "It must have something to do with sex!"

"Bud told me not to lie and say everything plain so here goes. I woke up the other night and I









had my hand around Buddy's cock—we sleep together when someone's visiting—and after we played around with each other for awhile, Buddy asked me to suck him! I didn't know what to do—I wanted to—but I've never done it before and I was scared. Anyway, he got mad at me and rolled over—I tried to do it again, but he just pushed my hand away and told me to see you before I ever touched him again! What did he mean?"

"Brother! If you don't know now, you never will! How come you've got your hand on my cock?"

"Buddy told me to do it—he said, 'if you get your hand on his cock, he'll do anything you want him to!' "

"That son-of-a-bitch!" Don muttered, "sending his little brother over to me to learn the score!

"How old are you, Tracy?" he questioned.

"Eighteen—why?"

"You look younger. I was just wondering if you've got hair around your dick yet!"

"Very funny. Of course I have, and lots of it!"

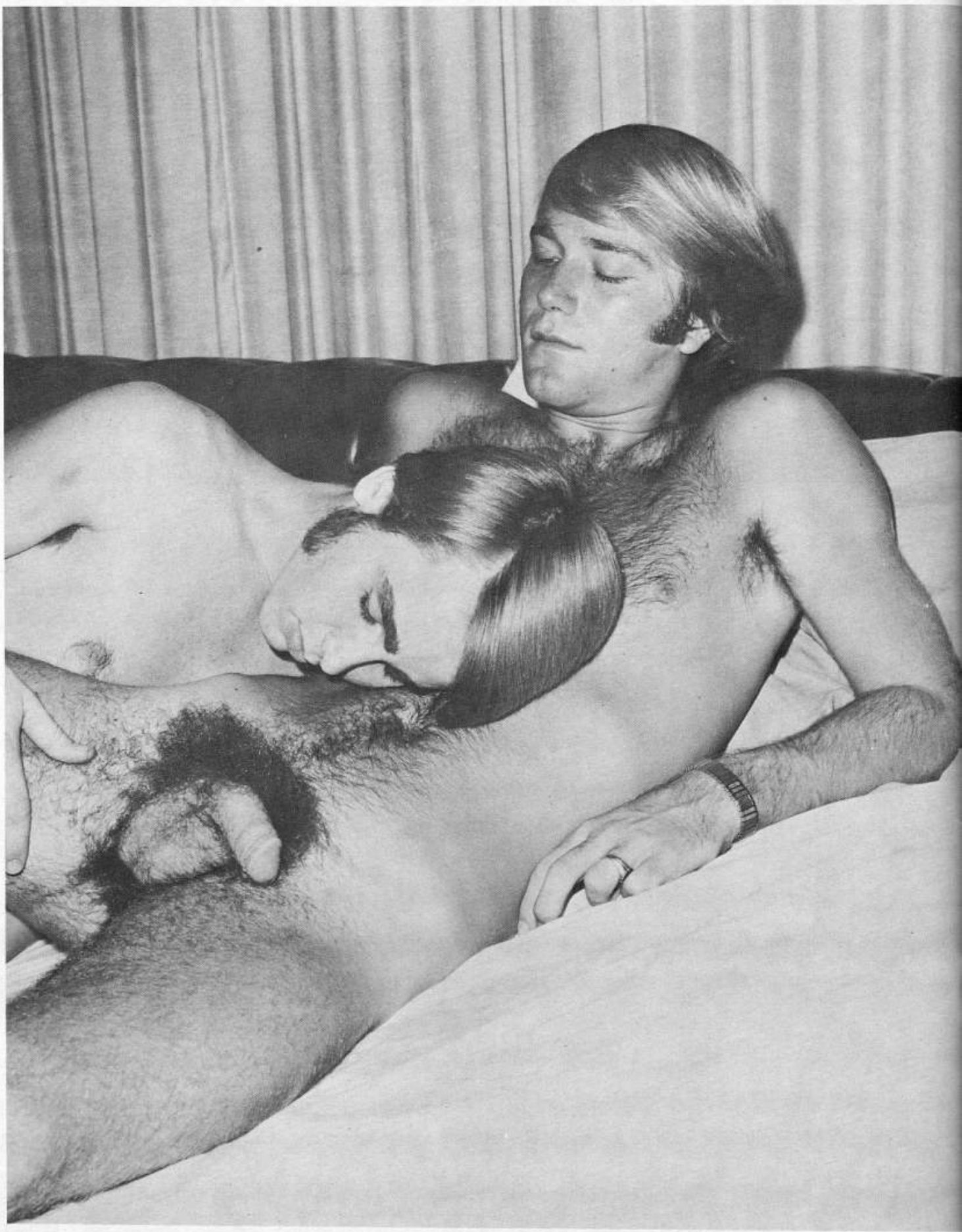
"Are you hung anything like your brother?"

"Not nearly as big—but Buddy says it's nice."

"Okay—come on in—but if you ain't got anything, forget it!"

He led Tracy into the living room and pushed him down on the couch, then he unzipped his pants and pushed them down to mid-thigh. He didn't have a hard-on, but the erecting tube certainly made its presence known as Don pushed it against Tracy's belly. "Is that what you wanted to feel?" Don questioned huskily.

Tracy ripped off his open shirt and pushed his pants down, then



he leaned back and kissed Don's ear. "I'll be God damned!" Don exclaimed as the kiss caused his prick to leap with excitement. He looked down at Tracy's cock which was quivering on his belly and said, "You might not be as big as Buddy, but you sure want the same thing!"

"Have you done this with Buddy?" Tracy murmured.

"You bet your sweet ass I have!" Don answered.

"Will you show me how to suck?"

"That's one of my better courses!"

"What if Tal comes in?"

"He'd probably want to join us."

"You mean that he does it, too?"

"Where do you think I learned?"

"Does he do it with Buddy, too?"

"If it's got a prick and it's in town, Tal's had it—let's go into the bedroom—just in case."

Both boys shucked off their pants and walked stiff legged into the bedroom, Don behind Tracy.

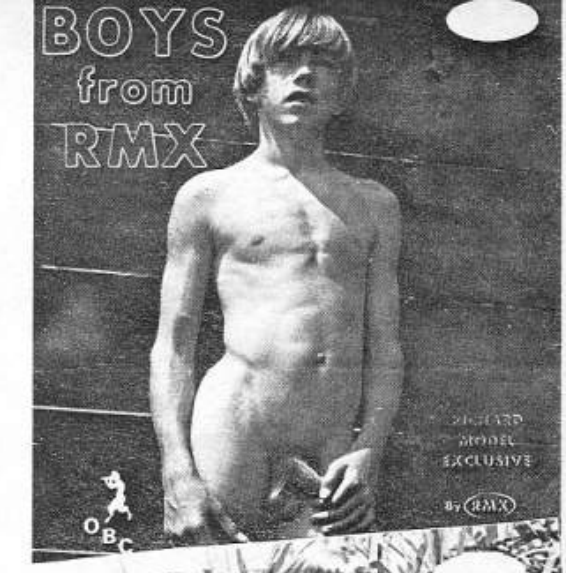
"You sure have got a pretty little butt, Tracy!" he said.

"That's what Buddy says."

"Maybe after I teach you how to suck, you'll let me teach you how to fuck."

"I know all about that—Buddy's been fucking me since I was ten!"

"Holy Christ! All I've got is a mouth virgin!"



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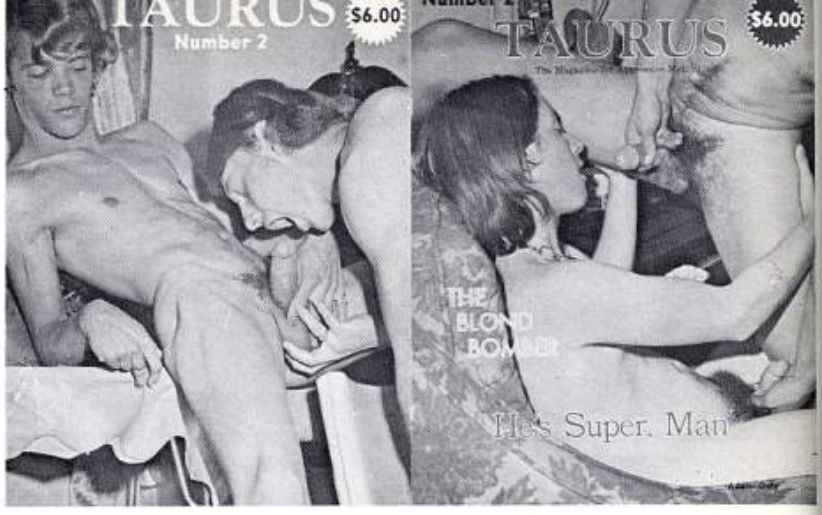

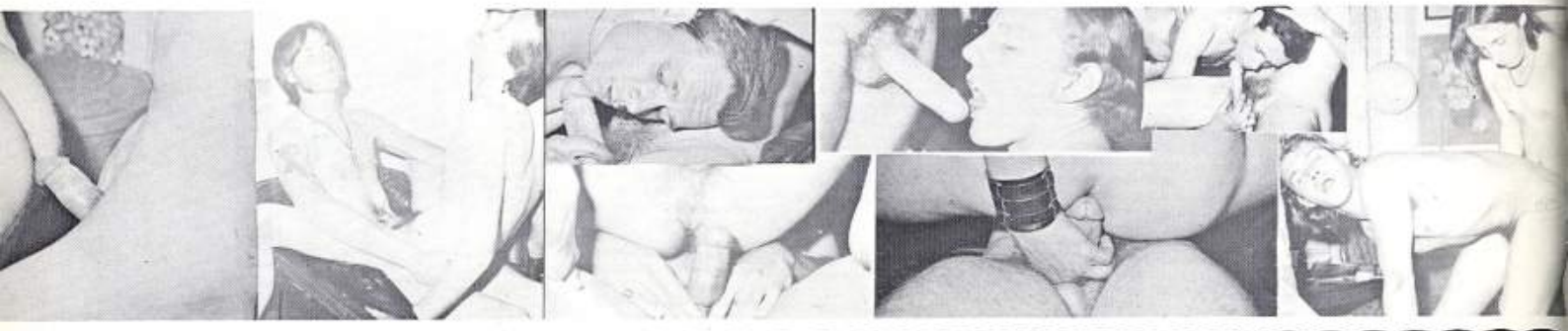

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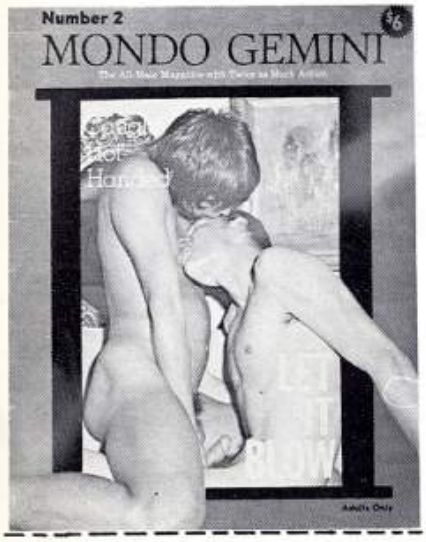

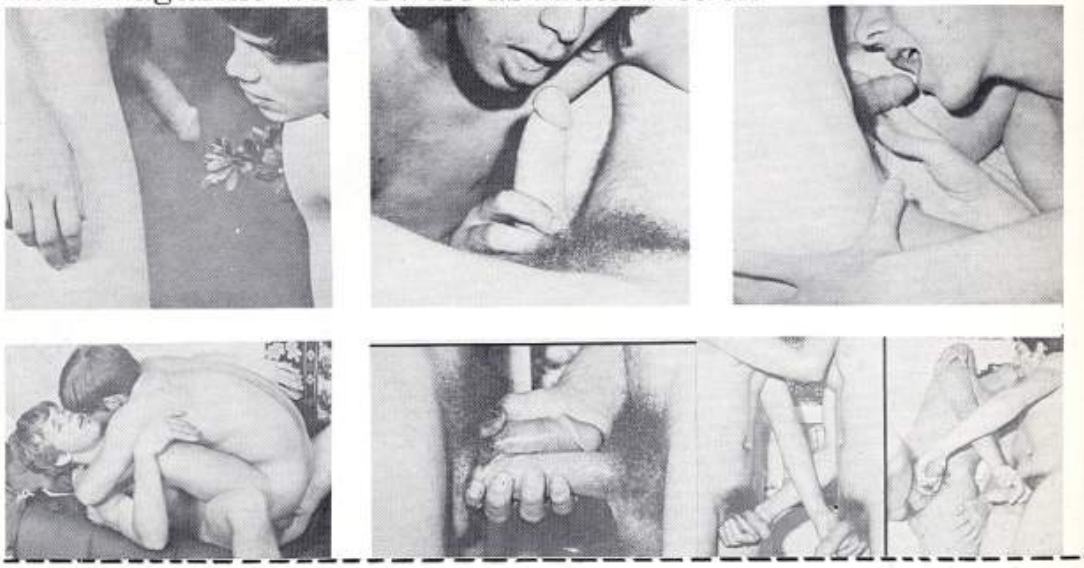

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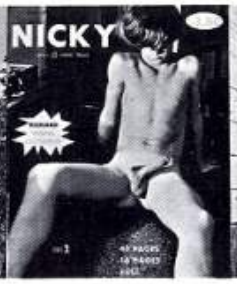

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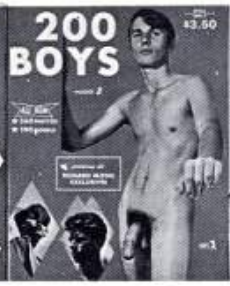

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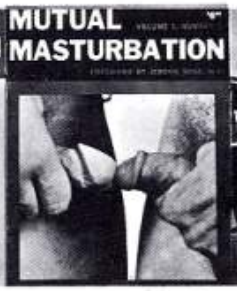

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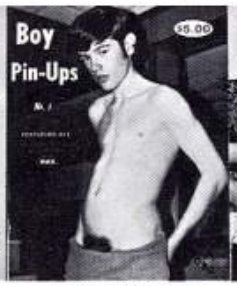

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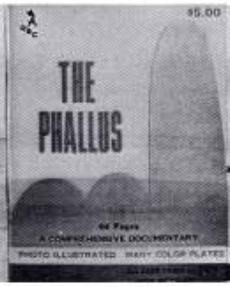
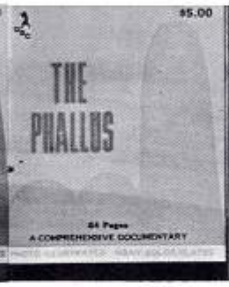


THE PHALLUS #1



THE PHALLUS #2

GAY SCENE

BOYS TOGETHER #2

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☐ THE RICHARD BOY #1	$5.00
☐ THE RICHARD BOY #2	$5.00
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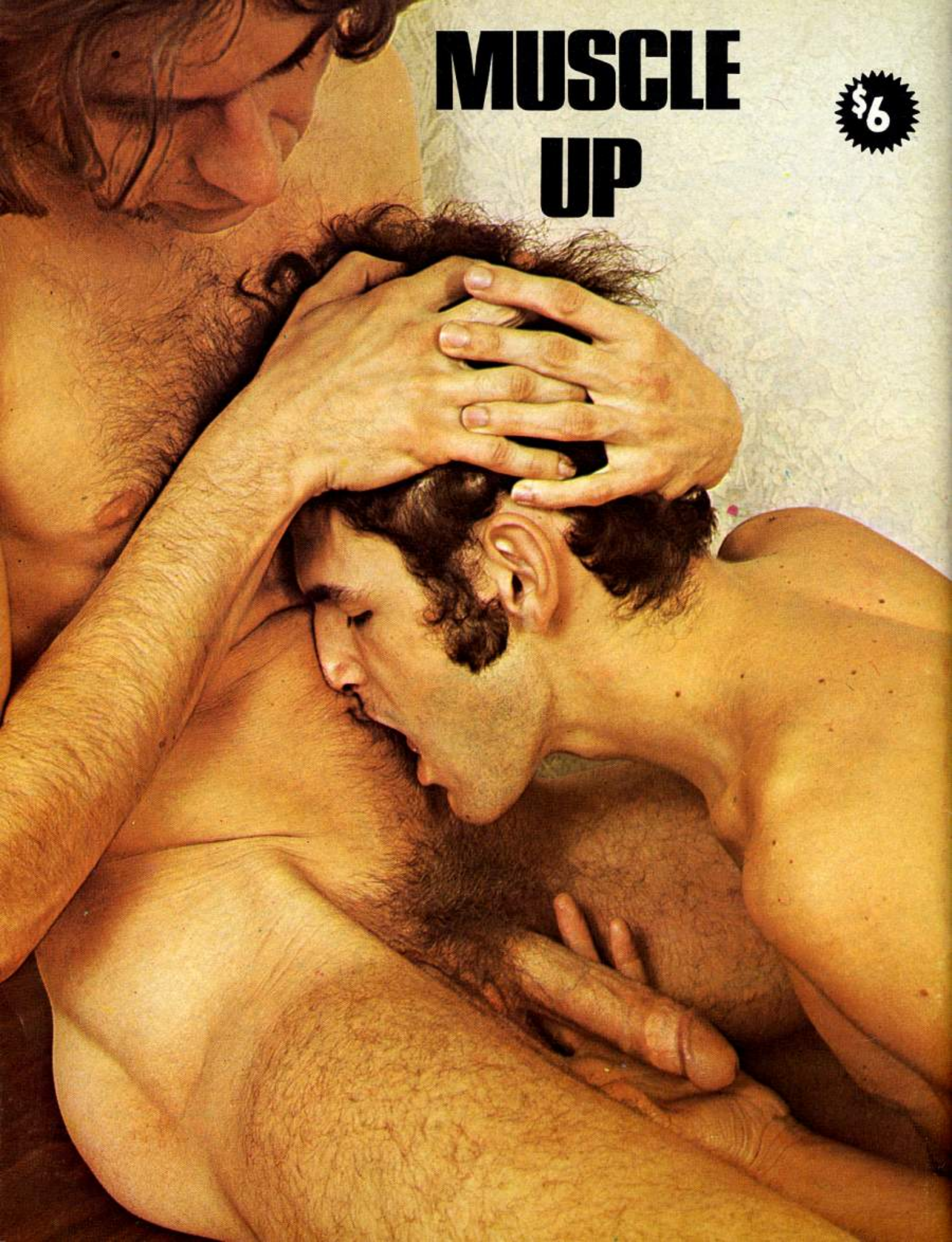
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